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JOHN T. HOFFMAN,

MAYOR-ELECT OF NEW YORK CITY.

It is many years since the city of New York has chosen for her Chief Magistrate a man of the position and reputation of John T. Hoffman. He is not only a gentleman of high social position, but a lawyer of distinction, a judge of eminent probity, a representative by descent of some of the oldest New York families, a citizen of unblemished reputation, and (as will appear by our sketch) one of the few New Yorkers who have received the unanimous vote of the city for high and responsible office.

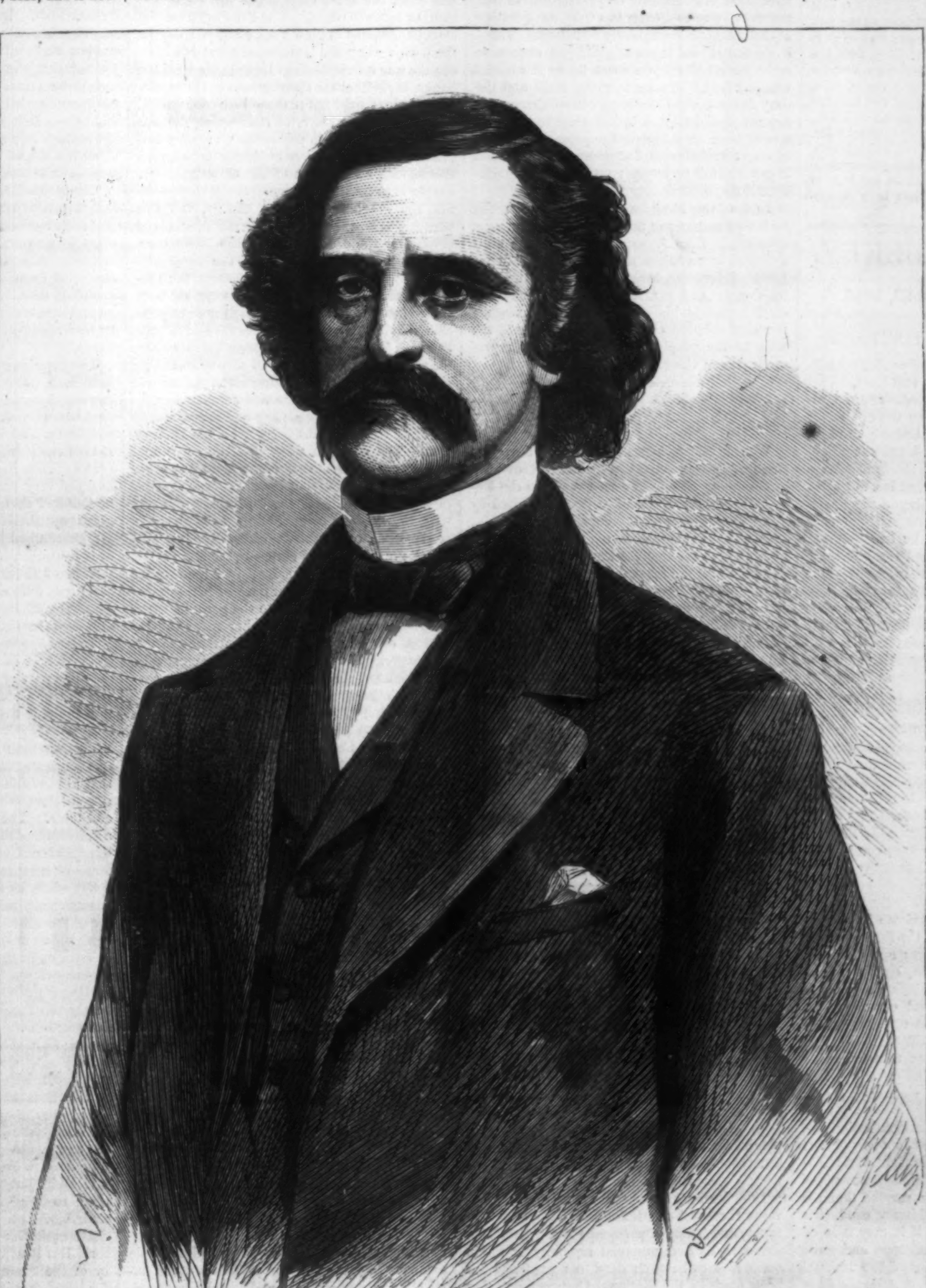
John T. Hoffman was born at Sing Sing, in Westchester County, January 10, 1828, and is now not quite thirty-eight years of age. His father, Adrian Kissam Hoffman, M.D., is a distinguished physician, long resident and universally respected and beloved in his county, and was the son of Philip L. Hoffman and Helena Kissam, his wife, whose names are remembered with affection by our oldest citizens as among the most valuable members of early society in New York, and the founders of many public charities and benevolent works.

The other sons of Philip L. Hoffman were Dr. Richard K. Hoffman, whose lamented death occurred only four years ago, and Charles O. Hoffman, of the firm of Fellows, Hoffman, & Co., well-known merchants of New York.

The Mayor-Elect entered Union College, in the junior class, in 1843, but was obliged to leave for a time on account of ill health. He graduated in 1846; studied law at Sing Sing with General Aaron Ward and Judge Albert Lockwood, and was admitted to the bar January 10, 1849, shortly after which he removed to New York City and commenced the practice of law at 63 Wall Street. His industrious habits, united with eminent ability in his profession, insured his success at the bar. His law partner, Hon. W. H. Leonard, was called to the bench of the Supreme Court, and Hoffman soon assumed the ermine also. In 1860 he was nominated for the Recordership by Tammany Hall, and elected by about 17,000 over the Mozart candidate, and about 4000 over the Republican. On the bench the high order of his ability became at once manifest, and his unflinching devotion to justice won him the respect and esteem of all parties. In the trial of the celebrated riot cases in 1863 the firm and noble conduct of the Recorder was the subject of universal approbation, and so highly was he regarded that in 1863 he was nominated by all parties, except a small Democratic faction, and received 60,000 out of 64,000 votes—a tribute of respect unparalleled in the modern history of this faction-cursed city.

There was a general regret that Judge Hoffman should leave the bench he adorned; but his nomination for the Mayoralty was made with the avowed object of defeating a notorious "ring" politician, and to do this no man so upright, unimpeachable, and universally popular was to be found. Against his own wishes he was placed in nomination, and he boasts with good reason of his election, accomplished without the expenditure of any money, against three candidates, each of whom was backed by large and very liberally-scattered means.

Judge Hoffman married, in 1854, a daughter of Henry Starkweather, of this city, and resides in Fourth Avenue. His career has been brilliant and successful, and he owes his honors, not to political favoritism, but to a popularity earned by steadfast labor and untarnished honesty, united to abilities of the highest order. He is a man of striking personal appearance, with a fine face, keen piercing eye, and an erect, commanding carriage. He is an accomplished literary scholar, a thorough gentleman, has traveled extensively in this country and Europe, and his election may well be esteemed an honor to the city.



HON. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, MAYOR-ELECT OF NEW YORK CITY.—[Photographed by Brady.]

THANKSGIVING AT FIVE POINTS.

For several years the children of the Five Points Industrial School have had a Thanksgiving Dinner provided for them by the Mission. The city presented no merrier scene on this year's Thanksgiving Day than was afforded at this establishment.

Four hundred children, prettily and tastefully dressed, went through their calisthenic exercises, under the adroit leadership of a little German girl, with surprising grace of manner and movement. One who was there thus describes the various exercises of the occasion:

"The discipline of the children, from the youngest to the more advanced in years, the oldest not exceeding ten or twelve, was perfect in every way. Their little songs and hymns were sung in admirable concert, and some of their imitations, as that of a thunder-storm, their only instruments being their hands and voices, were quite an agreeable surprise to the visitors, who applauded them warmly. There was quite a number of colored children who partook with equal zest in all the exercises, seeming to excel in the fortissimo, as they displayed their glistening teeth and shook their little woolly heads excitedly. The enlivening little melody, "A Farmer I shall be," the chorus of which was whistled jovially by the boys, received much applause, as it deserved to do, and not less so that a little fellow of a couple of years, who had his fingers in his ears, for a new effect, forgot to stop in time, and sung out lustily when all the rest had finished, "And a farmer I shall be." On being questioned where he would have his farm, he modestly proposed the "Bowery." Another little one about one year older proclaimed himself as "Staving Jim," whose father was killed at "Bully's Run." When the Principal asked the children who of them had lost a father or a brother in the war, two-thirds at least held up their hands. The grand finale in the singing way was the song of the Blacksmith, a real live Smith, of four years old, in scarlet jacket and rolled up sleeves, doing the accompaniment on an anvil with his hammer, keeping most accurate time, and eliciting sparks innumerable and unbounded applause. These exercises over, the children marched down to dinner in the basement, led on by two manikin drummers and a colored brigadier. At dinner Mr. Halladay, the Superintendent, presided, and the children were waited upon by the officers of the house and friends who had left their own tables to kindly volunteer at those of the little ones. At four o'clock the table was again relaid for the indigent Italian children and their friends or parents, and after these the doors were thrown open to all who hungered, irrespective of age or sex. Over two thousand received a good Thanksgiving dinner."

The Five Points Mission, organized by a band of noble-minded Christian ladies in the year 1850, and still under their efficient management, has become one of the leading charities of the city. The average daily attendance of poor children during the year was past two hundred and seventy-three. There is also a large Sunday-school connected with the Mission which holds two sessions every Sabbath. Seventeen hundred children have been taught in the schools of this institution during the year. There are nineteen families living in the Mission buildings, who, by the observance of the rules, form a community of singular order in the midst of their evil surroundings.

THE JAMAICA MASSACRE.

What is civilization? and in particular what is British civilization? The full report of the doings of the British authorities in Jamaica furnish a humiliating answer. How humiliating, will be understood when it is known that Englishmen themselves express their shame. "Deeds have been done," say they, "both by the insurgents and by the authorities, the bare recital of which makes the blood tingle in our veins." The English authorities in Jamaica have put themselves upon a level with the savage atrocities which they undertook to avenge by the summary massacre of two thousand negroes.

We have waited, before thus speaking on this subject, for a full disclosure of the affair on both sides. What we give now to our readers is in connection with our illustration of Morant Bay, on page 805, and is given on authority which is purely English.

Morant Bay, at the South-eastern corner of Jamaica, washes a poor district not much more than twelve miles square, within which there are negro settlements, stricken

with poverty, which two years of drought had of course tended to aggravate. The black inhabitants are many of them Baptists, though independent of the Baptist Mission. They have mixed up some of their heathen traditions with their Christian faith, and the influence of the British Government has tended to intensify rather than to alleviate the elements of barbarism which have remained.

The trouble at Morant Bay began at a Petty Sessions of the Peace held at that place October 7. There was some noise among the by-standers, and the offending persons were summoned before the Justice. One escaped from the court, was caught, and then rescued by his friends. On the 9th a case of trespass was called on, which involved the rights of a large class of negroes. Naturally a number of this class were present. PAUL BOGLE, speaking for these, recommended the man convicted not to pay the fine, but to appeal to a higher court. For this a warrant was issued for BOGLE's arrest, and that of 27 others. The execution of these warrants was resisted. The military was summoned to the support of the authorities. The negroes were refused access to the Court-house Square, but in their excitement they did not respect even the Riot Act, and the military fired upon them. Several of the negroes fell. This infuriated the people, who overpowered the soldiers, and helped themselves to the same means of warfare that had been used against them. In the excited state to which the negroes had been carried we may well imagine the atrocities which followed. There were murders in hot blood, and possibly mutilation of corpses, and but little mercy. About 20 whites were killed and as many wounded. There was but one murder committed after this by the negroes. Governor EYRE admits that ladies and children were left unmolested, and that no attempt was made to extend the outbreak into a general insurrection.

Such were the outrages of the negroes, committed in the excitement of the moment—an excitement for which the Government was in great part responsible. To punish these outrages all the military were called together, were distributed so as to hem in the disturbed district, and then, with the assistance of a savage tribe of Maroons armed for the purpose, were marched through the district, shooting down negroes in cold blood, and hanging others after a mock trial. Not satisfied with this, the Governor issued a warrant for the arrest of Mr. GORDON, a Member of Assembly and a Magistrate, who surrendered himself, and was hung after a trial by court-martial. It is said that, in one way or another, two thousand negroes have been slaughtered by the Jamaica authorities.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1865.

THE PRESIDENT'S POSITION.

IN its temper, simplicity, and patriotic fidelity the Message is a model, and has been received with unprecedented unanimity of approbation. This result is due, on the one hand, to the hearty sympathy of the Union party with the aims and views of the President whom they elected; and, on the other, to the frantic hope of the rump of the rebellion that it can excite jealousies and dissensions between the President and his friends by ostentatiously patronizing him and insisting that he had deserted his friends. But the hope and the effort are vain. Mr. JOHNSON has not Tylerized. He has not asked the rebellious States to take their old places without conditions. He has been steadfastly true to the emancipation policy. He declares himself, in his conversation with Mr. STEARNS, in favor of impartial suffrage. If his position upon these questions is not that of the Union party, what is? If it is not directly opposed to the whole doctrine and action of "the Democracy," nothing can be. The "Democratic" plan, announced last April, was that every rebel State should fling down its arms and send representatives to Congress, on the ground that it was not in rebellion, and had never been out of the Union. The President and the country have disposed of that folly, and forever. We feel a very comfortable faith that they will be equal to every similar sophistry hereafter.

In treating our domestic affairs the President frankly and clearly states his view of the character of the Government and the limitations of the State and National powers; and reaffirms, in a manly and noble strain, certain fundamental truths which seemed before the war to have faded from the national consciousness. "The American system," he says, "rests on the assertion of the equal right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; to freedom of conscience; to the culture and exercise of all his faculties." A man who sincerely believes that need not be doubted.

In his reasoning upon Reorganization the President's logic seems to us in one point at fault. If, as he says, the sole right of the National Government is to enable the States whose functions are "suspended" to resume them, it certainly can not impose arbitrary conditions upon the resumption. For if it may it is of course the judge of the conditions, and must decide solely by considerations of the national welfare. The President says: "After the close of the war it is not competent for the General Government to extend the elective franchise in the several States." Yet he had just said, in speaking of the emancipation amendment, "It is not too much to ask of the States which are now resuming their places in the family of the Union to give this pledge of perpetual loyalty and peace." But why? If the States are merely in abeyance, with their powers all unimpaired, what can we do more than to enable them to resume their functions, and when they are in full possession of their powers, let them decide for themselves whether they will give such a pledge? Is it not perfectly plain that if we may make the resumption depend upon their assent to a constitutional amendment which is not yet declared to be law, we do it because we think the public safety requires it? And if we are of opinion that the public safety requires the same States to assent to a modified suffrage, we have exactly the same right to demand that "pledge of perpetual loyalty and peace" before allowing those States to resume their functions.

But theories are of small importance when action is so plain and firm as the President's has hitherto been. The important point in reorganization is, that the suspended States shall resume their powers at the earliest moment compatible with the welfare of the Union. The President holds this point clearly in view. He informs the new Governors elected in those States that they will not exercise their powers until authorized by the National Government; and while he individually prefers to leave the further modification of suffrage in the suspended States to those whom he has already empowered to vote, he adds that he considers the national faith pledged to the protection of the personal rights of the emancipated class.

The tone of the Message in discussing foreign affairs is masterly. Its calm and compact statement of the position of England and the inevitable consequence of persistence in her peremptory refusal even to argue the question of the *Alabama* is singularly felicitous. There is no threat, no bluster. "If you choose to make your bed so, you must lie in it without wincing." In like manner the right and the duty of the United States to defend themselves against armed foreign interference in the politics of their neighbors are expressed in a tone of such passionless and absolute politeness that it can not fail to impress profoundly whomsoever it may concern.

In fine, the Message is one that will make no Union man regret that he voted for ANDREW JOHNSON. Like ABRAHAM LINCOLN, he aims singly to execute the national will. Like his great predecessor, he has no way but the people's way; and confiding fully in them, and stating plainly his own views, he leaves the practical solution of the grave questions of the hour to the people assembled by their representatives in Congress.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

WHILE we are not unmindful of the great value of this document, we must dissent from the opinions presented with respect to the Legal Tender act which have been accepted by many as being against its constitutionality.

The *Tribune*, in presenting a synopsis of the Report, declares that the key to the policy recommended is the supposed opinion that the authority of "Congress to make the obligations of the Government a legal tender *resides outside of the Constitution.*" If this view of the *Tribune* is correct, then the Secretary of the Treasury takes sides with those who have assailed the Legal Tender act in various courts, and who will presently appear before the Supreme Court of the United States for the purpose of having the act declared null and void from the beginning. The effect of such a decision would be very damaging to the country. If such is the law of the land every creditor may instantly demand gold and silver for bonds and mortgages, for every form of bank credits, indeed for every debt; and in that case banks would be broken, the Treasury would be embarrassed, and confusion would result. In war such a decision must have been disastrous to the great cause in which our armies were engaged.

Our financial policy still hinges upon the Legal Tender act, the undisturbed operation of which until the ends of the war are tied up being manifestly essential. Has the Secretary so declared? This is the language of the Report: "The right of Congress, at all times, to borrow money and to issue obligations for loans in such form as may be convenient, is unquestionable; but their authority to issue obligations for a circulating medium as money, and to make these obligations a legal tender, can only be found in the *unwritten law* which sanctions whatever the representatives of the people, whose duty it is to maintain the Government against its enemies, may consider in a great emergency necessary to be done."...... "Their authority is to 'coin money and fix the value thereof;' and inasmuch as a mixed currency, consisting of paper and specie, has been found to be a commercial necessity, it would seem also to be their duty to provide, as has been done by the National Currency act, that this paper currency should be secured beyond any reasonable contingency. To go beyond this, however, and issue Government obligations, making them by statute a legal tender for all debts, public and private, is not believed to be, *under ordinary circumstances*, within the scope of their duties or constitutional powers."

It may, perhaps, have been the intention of the Secretary to maintain that the act as a war measure was constitutional, and that its operation must be limited to the duration of the war, and the period necessary for closing the financial affairs incidental to it, but it is difficult to arrive at the precise meaning of what is thus expressed. The theory that there is any "unwritten law" to which Congress may appeal in an emergency is new and wholly erroneous. The authority of Congress is confined to the powers expressly granted and those necessary and proper for carrying them into effect. The power to make the obligations of the United States a legal tender in war is derived from this and no other source, and it is much to be regretted that the Secretary of the Treasury should have used the great weight of his official position either to declare against it or to leave doubtful his views of the constitutionality of an act which continues to be as vital to the administration of his department as it was throughout the heat of the conflict. When the question reaches the Supreme Court of the United States he will find that the fog will vanish, and that the legality of the act, which yet bestows upon his department what there is of life and vigor, is clearly within the powers conferred on Congress for the purposes of war.

Before designating the particular powers of the Constitution on which the authority in question hinges it may be expedient to notice a few historical and other facts. The expenditure made by the Government in subduing the rebellion was foreseen at the outset to be, as it has been, the most stupendous known in ancient or modern times. The chief agent of the associated banks of New York admitted, during the period when the Government was conducting the war on the basis of loans made by those banks, that either the Government or the banks, if not both, would fail if those loans continued. The scheme, therefore, of conducting the war on the basis of specie payments was found impracticable. There was evidently not enough specie within the reach of the Government to enable it to make an expenditure in that medium, the greatest known to history, and this because, first, the precious metals are coined chiefly for the ordinary purposes of commerce and not for those purposes and the wants also of a great war; and, second, because the precious metals had been habitually expelled from the country by means of the small note circulation that had extensively prevailed in all the States. There was a clear necessity, therefore, for some other description of money to enable the Government to carry into effect the several granted powers to declare and conduct war, to provide and maintain a navy and army, and to regulate commerce during war on the basis of war. The question what that money should be was settled in the preceding history of other great nations involved in war. The Parliament of England, for the purpose of the war with France, was compelled to make the bills of the Bank of England—which Mr. Pitt said was a great engine of state—in effect a tender for debts, which act remained in force and effect for several years after the war had terminated. Without referring to the expedients of a like kind of France during her revolutionary period, or to those of other important nations, the experience of Great Britain, the most opulent nation of the world at the time of her conflict with France, must be sufficient to settle the question of fact that a resort to legal tender acts is an unavoidable necessity of war.

Does our Constitution, in conferring the power to declare and conduct war, and to provide and maintain an army and navy, give to Congress the power that was exercised by the Parliament of Great Britain in the war with France?

We think there can be no room to question this point. Although our Government is one of limited powers, yet, with respect to the powers conferred, its authority is as full, complete, and unlimited as is that of the Parliament of Great Britain over the same subject-matter. Whatever in the experience of great nations is shown to be necessary in the conduct of war is as necessary for us as for them. The Congress of the United States, when the great emergency of war arises, is authorized to decide as a question of fact whether or not it is necessary and proper to adopt any one of the *usual means* for managing the finances of a nation in war adopted by modern nations, and the decision made must, on the well-known principles applied in the United States Bank case, be final and conclusive. In that litigation it was held that a bank being one of the known and usual means for carrying into effect some of the special powers, the decision of Congress, that it was a *necessary and proper* means, was conclusive upon the court.

But the Constitution itself contains ample evidence to show that the powers of the Constitution in war are enlarged by that emergency beyond those powers which are suitable to a condition of peace. The restriction in the 3d and 5th articles of the amendments, and with respect to the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, show one rule for war and another for peace, which restrictive clauses imply that the power to conduct war is enlarged during the emergency of war so as to embrace whatever is necessary and proper for the safety of the country in that great struggle for its life. It is manifest that making the bills issued a legal tender gave them the required circulation and standing over the Union to make them objects of general desire, which qualities they would not have possessed if their acceptance had not been made compulsory. It is not reasonable to suppose that those who went to the field would have readily gone there if debts could have been enforced by foreign and domestic creditors in gold and silver at home, while they were paid in Treasury notes not a legal tender, and consequently at a large discount, measured by the precious metals. The power to make those bills a legal tender in war is as much conferred as is any power of the Constitution.

There is so much to commend in the management of the Treasury Department that we regret being obliged, by the momentous importance of the subject, to differ from its head as to the legality and expediency of a power which we deem essential in the conduct of a war of great magnitude, and which others would use to our disadvantage in a struggle with them, and with unquestioned right as one of the necessities in war of modern nations.

CENTRALIZATION.

THE pleasant chronicle relates that when the doughty and pious cavalier Don Quixote beheld afar off the wind-mills quietly grinding their grist, he thanked Heaven for the opportunity, and proceeded to inflict summary and direful punishment upon those wicked and monstrous giants. In like manner some well-meaning *doctrinaire*, writing in the *Evening Post*, catches sight of a tranquil statement of this journal that the natural rights of the citizens should be protected by the Government, and, commending his soul to Heaven, he scolds it and sneers at it and lustily denounces it, under the solemn but sincere delusion that it is nothing but the wicked and monstrous giant Centralization which he is attacking.

The good Don Quixote was very valorous and thrust his lance vigorously into the sails of the mill, but when the winds of heaven filled them they wrenched his weapon from his hands and left him a rather sorry and absurd spectacle. So even as the mill placidly went on grinding grist, including the Don, the fundamental truth of our Government continues to be true whatever becomes of theories and theorizers.

The treatise upon the value and place of the local State Governments in our system to which our worthy critic treats his readers, which he enriches with citations from DE TOCQUEVILLE and MILL, and which he properly calls the A B C of our political system, is excellent. It is true as far as it goes, but the ingenious writer has yet very much to learn. He has yet to understand that the municipality in every degree is not abolished because fundamental rights are guaranteed by the national authority; nor does centralization follow upon a rigorous protection of those rights. And he must learn the great folly of reasoning from the absolute monarchy of LOUIS XIV.'s France to the Republic of the United States.

Indeed, so unfitted is our vehement critic for a Mentor in American political philosophy that in a part of the same column in which the bugbear of Consolidation is defied he virtually complains that the President did not insist more stubbornly upon settling the question of reconstruction for himself, instead of leaving it to Congress. The critic's "democracy" is of that kind which used to prefer the will of ANDREW JACKSON to the Constitution of the United States. The President, on the contrary, is a democrat of the school which prefers to leave the decision of vital questions of the public welfare to the representatives of the people, especially when, as now, their election of last year has been ratified by the overwhelming unanimity of the country. A mind so morbidly alive to the least suspicion of centralization as that of our good censor might be supposed to be a little more sensitive than it seems to be to the perils of power lodged in one man. Fortunately the President has that true democratic sensitiveness. He knows that his action has sprung from the necessity of the case, and has been purely arbitrary. It is therefore not a point upon which he wishes to be stubborn.

The Emancipation Amendment is only an illustration of that national guarantee of popular liberty the justice and advantage of which we assert. And we claim that it should not only declare every man's personal rights to be inviolable, but that it shall take care to make them so by giving the most ample redress for their violation. It will naturally look to the State authority to execute its will in this matter. But it will not leave that will at the mercy of the State authority. It will not again, for instance, suffer South Carolina or any State to expel Mr. HOAR for seeking lawful redress in the State court; and if the State authority of Georgia is not sufficient to protect the editor of the *Post* in the fullest and freest expression of his opinions any where in that State, the supreme authority will hold that State author-

ity to rigorous account, and let our friend take heart. Neither consolidation nor horrors like those of the French Revolution will follow. Experience in this country has shown that with our peculiar system the danger to popular liberty will always proceed not from centralization, but from defiance of the supreme power. And just as in daily life it is necessary to insist upon generosity and not upon selfishness, so the local instinct is so strong with us that it is necessary to enforce the national supremacy.

The distinction is very clear to a mind which is not distempered by a morbid fear of the people. The personal rights of every man in Alabama are as safe under the protection of the United States as they are under that of Alabama. Shall we seem even more ignorant than now if we add that they are safer? The people of Alabama have their rights in that State. But the people of the United States have also their rights there: and if the State can not henceforth protect them—as it certainly has not hitherto—the United States undoubtedly will.

CURRENCY CONTRACTION.

THE Secretary of the Treasury, in his annual report, grapples with the Currency question squarely and manfully. He adheres to the doctrine of his Fort Wayne Speech. He still holds that the only way of bringing down the price of gold and commodities is by calling in and canceling a portion of the legal tender money now afloat. And this he proposes to do, first, by declaring the compound-interest notes no longer a legal tender after their maturity; and, secondly, by exchanging, from time to time, long six per cent. bonds for United States notes to the extent of from $100,000,000 to $200,000,000, the notes to be canceled as fast as received. Many of the arguments which have been urged against currency contraction he undertakes to refute. He says that his plan will involve no commercial crisis, because the currency contraction will naturally be gradual; that no serious diminution of the public revenues need be apprehended, as, in fact, the public revenue depends on the productiveness of labor, which will be enhanced by raising the intrinsic value of the currency; that, so far as the national banks are concerned, "it is better they should be embarrassed now than bankrupted hereafter." Should no contraction be inaugurated, he predicts that the inflation now in progress will continue steadily until it culminates, within two years, in a crash far more terrible than the revulsions of 1857 or 1837.

This is excellent doctrine, and does credit to Mr. M'CULLOUGH's skill as a political economist. Nothing is clearer than that gold can not fall to par or commodities to their old prices so long as we have $734,218,000 of irredeemable paper-money in circulation. Nothing is more certain than that if this volume of paper-money could, by a process of funding or by any other process, be reduced one-half, or even one-third, gold would fall, the currency would improve, living would be cheaper, speculation would decline, and industry and trade would be placed upon a stable basis.

But in real life it is not always of as much consequence to discover what is theoretically right as what is practically feasible. Abstract principles are very well indeed, and we should always conform to them as nearly as we can; but they can only be adopted as an absolute rule of conduct when they are susceptible of practical application. Before the country acquiesces in Mr. M'CULLOUGH's plan for contracting the currency to the extent of one-third within three years people will naturally like to have some assurance that such contraction can be effected; and that it will not, if attempted and subsequently abandoned as a failure, involve us in greater evils than now surround us. It is hardly necessary to demonstrate, for instance, that a policy which might compel the Government either to break faith with its creditors or to issue more legal tenders in 1867 and 1868 would do more mischief than can be wrought by the present depreciation of the currency. And if there be reasonable ground for apprehending that such might be the ultimate effect of the adoption of a system of contraction at the present time the public will be slow to approve it, strongly as it may recommend itself to their judgment as a matter of theory.

Let us look at the facts. A few weeks ago Five-Twenty bonds were selling at 103, and gold was 144. Mr. M'CULLOUGH undertook to fund $50,000,000 of compound-interest notes which had passed out of circulation by the effect of the interest accumulated on them. The consequence was a decline in Five-Twenties to 99. They have since recovered one-half of one per cent. Gold, which was 147 when the negotiation was completed, is now in the neighborhood of 145. Now, according to the estimates contained in this Report, the income for the fiscal year 1865-6 will fall short of the expenditure by $112,194,000. This sum will have to be borrowed—on Five-Twenty bonds, of course. There would be no difficulty in borrowing this sum on Five-Twenty bonds at or above par during the period were no currency contraction impending. With that prospect the issue of new proposals is uncertain. People certainly will not give par for new Five-Twenties when they can buy the issue of November, 1865, with six weeks' gold interest accrued, at 99½. It may be said that the Secretary need not insist on getting par for his loan. He may accept 94, for instance, as Mr. CHASE did on a memorable occasion. This is not Mr. M'CULLOUGH's view. He says in his Report that the United States ought not to pay over 6 per cent. for money. If he began to borrow at a figure equal to 7 per cent. in gold he would have to pay 8 per cent. for the next loan, 10 per cent. for the next, and so on. By submitting to such shaves the Secretary would increase the debt about as rapidly as the War and Navy departments decreased their expenditures. We take for granted that, so far as this $112,194,000 is concerned, the Secretary will not offer his bonds below par. Nothing can prevent their being subscribed for except the dread of coming contraction. That may. If it does, there is an end, of course, to all hopes of further sales of bonds with a view to the reduction of the currency during the year 1865-6.

During the fiscal year 1866-7 the Secretary figures a balance of $111,682,000 excess of income over expenditure. But before December 31, 1866, $187,549,646 of debt certificates and other short securities will mature. To pay these will require not only the whole estimated surplus, but $76,130,000 besides—to be borrowed as before on Five-Twenty bonds. This amount of money must be raised before one dollar of currency can be canceled.

In 1867 and 1868 not less than $848,323,591 of Seven-Thirty notes and other securities mature as well as $173,000,000 of compound-interest notes—say in all $1,021,323,591. The holders of these various securities are entitled to demand the currency for them. On the days on which they severally mature Government must stand ready to do one of three things—either to pay one hundred cents on the dollar for its maturing obligations, or to give the holders a new security at least equivalent in value in the open market to the old one; or to confess itself bankrupt, and to let its liabilities go by default.

It does not need much financial experience to discern the fact that if, in the year 1866, there has been any material curtailment of the currency, Five-Twenty bonds will not command par in the year 1867. As we have mentioned above, the first attempt at contraction—which applied exclusively to inert compound notes clogged with large amounts of accumulated interest—caused Five-Twenties to decline from 103 to 99. It is easy to see that further enterprises in the same direction, especially if the notes withdrawn were ordinary legal tenders, would insure a much heavier decline. The Secretary himself admits that a material "shrinkage" in the prices of all commodities—including public securities—would be caused by the adoption of his plan. How then does he propose to meet his maturing liabilities in 1867?

We have spoken of Five-Twenties alone, but to meet an obvious objection, we may add that the arguments which apply to them apply with equal force to every other form of United States security. The decline caused by the funding operation of October was as marked on Seven-Thirty notes and Ten-Forty bonds as on Five-Twenties. The Ten-Forties sold at 89½, the Seven-Thirty notes at 96. Bonds bearing a higher rate of interest than 6 per cent. would sell for less than 6 per cent. bonds, as the offer of an exorbitant high rate would be regarded as a confession of insolvency. If Five-Twenty bonds can not be sold no other bonds can.

This is the objection to the practical working of Mr. M'CULLOUGH's plan of contraction. Within thirty-six months he has $1,200,000,000 of short notes and other securities to pay off in currency. On the day these notes mature they must be paid or the Government is bankrupt. If by any theoretical experiments, with a view to contraction, Five-Twenty bonds have been depressed to 90, it will be idle to offer them in exchange for the maturing notes. People will not take them. They will demand their money. And if the Government manages to get itself into a predicament of this kind, capitalists and money-lenders will naturally take advantage of it. When COBB left the Government without money to meet the interest on the public debt on 1st January, 1861, the most loyal bankers deemed 12 per cent. per annum not too much to ask for a temporary loan to supply the deficiency. If, in 1867, Mr. M'CULLOUGH theorizes the Government into a like strait, he will find the most ardent Republican bankers ready to drive with him quite as hard a bargain.

This objection will fall to the ground if Five-Twenty Bonds should so improve in public estimation at home and abroad as to be continually in demand in all kinds of money markets at or above par. This being the case, Mr. M'CULLOUGH's scheme of contraction would at once become feasible, and would be the wisest possible policy. But unless the Secretary can give the country some assurance that his bonds will so continue to command par or thereabouts, it is to be feared that his method of bringing us back to specie payments will be generally regarded as involving at least as much danger as it promises advantage.

THE DANGER OF A MAJORITY.

CONGRESS meets under the most favorable auspices. There are very difficult questions to be settled, but the course of the President and the Elections have fully illuminated the situation.

We trust, therefore, that Congress will be mindful of the dangers of a vast majority. The party of the Administration has two-thirds of the House. It can do what it chooses, and it should therefore choose with the utmost calmness and deliberation. To the normal action of a free government in peaceful times a vigorous and able opposition is essential. But the present Opposition is neither. It is curiously deficient in names of distinction, while the Administration is signally strong. If the Opposition candidate for Speaker is to be considered its leader, it is very clear that, had the members from the unorganized States been at once admitted, the Opposition would have been led and its policy dictated by the old masters of the Democratic party.

The chief danger of a huge majority is not so much impatience of contradiction from the Opposition as it is crudity and extravagance of suggestion from its own members, which the Opposition may not have wit enough thoroughly to search and expose. In the present Congress, therefore, if the majority be wise, a part of its own number will do the legitimate work of an Opposition upon such occasions. There are many legislative propositions of which the spirit is perfectly right while the method is as clearly injudicious. The party Opposition will attack of course upon the ground of the intention, but the true difference among Union men will be upon the point of detail and execution.

It is with questions involving such differences that this Congress will largely deal; and we look for able and most generous and friendly debates. The crisis in public affairs is vital, as it has often been before. The action of Congress has a consequent importance which can not easily be overstated. But no body of legislators ever had a clearer knowledge of the wishes and views of their constituents; and the dangers of the vast majority are so obvious that we readily believe so intelligent a body will avoid them as much as possible, and do only what they ought, and not merely what they can.

ERIN-GO-BRAGH.

FENIANISM seems to be in great danger of disappearing in a laugh. The American Senate of the Irish Republic have impeached and removed the Fenian chief, Mr. JOHN O'MAHONY. It was a summary process. At four o'clock on a certain Friday President O'MAHONY was served with a notice of charges, and summoned to respond within twenty-four hours. Failing to do so he was impeached and tried on Saturday evening, and before midnight justice was done on Cawdor.

Thereupon the tempest broke. The Chicago Centre telegraphs to the impeaching body: "We intend a public demonstration sustaining action of Senate. *Will* we go on? Answer at length and immediately." To this request a reply was returned which, in its awful and heroic tone, might have announced an armed descent of invincible Celtic hosts upon the despicable soil of the churlish Saxon. The question is the removal of an officer charged with violating his oath and extravagant expense; and this is the announcement: "Go ahead! The crisis has come! We must meet it like wise and brave men! The Senate will do their duty to Ireland. Be true in doing yours."

This was not to be tamely endured by the party of the O'MAHONY. They instantly raised the battle-cry, and "The Fenians of Manhattan" appealed "to their brothers of North America" in an address of the most Emerald eloquence. The Senate is denounced as "a sectional combination of perfidious Irishmen," who "have prostituted the high position of Fenian Senatorship to the most ignoble purposes." Seven years have placed the Fenian Brotherhood upon its present pinnacle of glory, while: "Foremost among its boldest, truest, and most talented defenders stands the name of JOHN O'MAHONY, like a star in the heavens, receiving new lustre from the clouds which obscure for an instant but vanish before its power." To attack JOHN O'MAHONY is "to kick against the goad." And an ardent volunteer writes in hot haste to the papers, imploring all faithful Fenians to "Leave all to JOHN O'MAHONY—a man whose name yet can be only rivaled by the illustrious WASHINGTON, the hero of our adopted country." "Shall we forget him?" cries this enthusiastic O'MAHONIAN. "No, a thousand times no! Go in with O'MAHONY for glory or death!"

The Senate of the Irish Republic in America must look to its ways. There are plainly two sides to the question; and if once the inspiring cry of Erin-go-Shillelah! bursts out along the opposing Celtic lines the caitiff Saxon tyrant may slumber yet a little longer before his hour of doom.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE President's Message is treated in another column.

REPORTS OF THE DEPARTMENTS.

Secretary Harlan, of the Interior, reports that four millions and a half acres of public lands have been disposed of during the fiscal year ending June 30, of which over one-fourth were taken under the homestead law. The cash sales amounted to $748,427. Of surveyed lands not yet disposed of there are 132,285,035 acres.

Postmaster-General Dennison reports that in his department the revenues have been $14,556,158, the expenditures $13,694,728, leaving a surplus of $861,430.

The money-order system has made no inconsiderable progress, 419 offices having been opened during the year; and moneys transmitted to the gross amount of $1,360,122: the loss to the department on this large amount of business being only a little over $7000.

The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. M'Cullough, reports the maximum of the debt in August to have been only $2,757,000,000. He is in favor of contracting the currency. This subject is abundantly considered in the previous columns.

Secretary Stanton, of the War Department, begins his report with the following comprehensive statement: The military appropriations by the last Congress amounted to the sum of five hundred and sixteen millions two hundred and forty thousand one hundred and thirty-one dollars and seventy cents ($516,240,131 70). The military estimates for the next fiscal year, after careful revision, amount to thirty-three millions eight hundred and fourteen thousand four hundred and sixty-one dollars and eighty-three cents ($33,814,461 83). The national military force on the 1st of May, 1865, numbered one million five hundred and sixteen men. It is proposed to reduce the military establishment to fifty thousand troops, and over eight hundred thousand have already been mustered out of service.—The Secretary recounts with considerable detail the history of the war during its last year. He pays a well-deserved tribute to Lieutenant-General Grant, from whose appointment he dates the greatest successes of the Union armies. On March 1, 1865, the aggregate national military force of all arms was 965,591 men, which, by the 1st of May, was augmented to the number of 1,516,000. In regard to our preparations for hostilities, in case of another rebellion or a foreign war, the Secretary furnishes some valuable statistics. He says:

"The chief demands for war, as shown by our experience, are: 1st, troops; 2d, arms and ammunition; 3d, clothing; 4th, transportation; and 5th, subsistence supplies. The troops disbanded were chiefly volunteers. Their toils and sufferings, their marches, battles, and victories, have not diminished the value of that Government to them; so that any new rebellion would encounter equal or greater force for its reduction; and none can ever spring up with such advantages at the start, or be conducted with superior means, ability, or prospect of success. A foreign war would intensify the national feeling, and thousands, once misled, would rejoice to atone their error by rallying to the national flag. The question of *time* in which armies could be raised to repel invasion is, therefore, the only question relating to troops."

As regards ammunition the Government retains in its arsenals more than a million of the best quality of arms and equipments. The artillery on hand tasks the department for its means of storage. Of all the other requisites, such as clothing and subsistence, the Government either has them on hand or at instant command.

General Grant's report of his conduct of the Union armies from the time of his appointment as Lieutenant-General is as interesting in its manner as in its matter. He discloses some novel features of Butler's share in the campaign against Richmond and his connection with the disaster at Fort Fisher. He pays a graceful tribute to Generals Sherman and Sheridan.

RECONSTRUCTION.

On the 6th instant the Legislature of Georgia ratified the Constitutional Amendment by an overwhelming majority.

In Kentucky Judge Johnston, of the Jefferson Circuit Court, has dismissed the complaint against General Palmer, commanding in that State, of enticing slaves to leave their masters, on the ground that the requisite number of States had concurred in the Amendment at the time the indictment was found, and that therefore slavery is at an end, and there can be no criminal prosecution in such a case as this. General Palmer has issued a proclamation declaring that slavery has ceased to exist in Kentucky, and he also advises the colored people, if they shall be refused permission to travel in public conveyances, to apply to the courts for redress.

Both Houses of the Louisiana Legislature have adopted a resolution declaring that Messrs. Hahn and Cutler, elected United States Senators by the previous Legislature, are not entitled to represent the State in the National Senate, and on the 7th chose Mr. Randall Hunt to supersede one of them.

On the 5th instant the Legislature of Virginia, by an almost unanimous vote of both Houses, passed a bill repealing the acts of the Legislature heretofore passed consenting to the transfer of Jefferson and Berkeley counties to the State of West Virginia.

CONGRESS.

December 5:

In the Senate, the House resolution for a special committee of fifteen on the subject of the rebellious States was laid over.—Other bills were introduced; and at 2.30 P.M. the President's Message was received and read.

In the House, Mr. Raymond submitted the credentials of Mr. Dodge, who contests Mr. Brooks's seat. Mr. Dodge was allowed the privileges of the floor.—A resolution was adopted inquiring into the expediency of abolishing the office of Provost Marshal-General.—A resolution was passed against the repudiation of the public debt, with but one dissenting vote, given by Mr. L. S. Trimble, Kentucky.—The President's Message was read.

December 6:

In the Senate, the Standing Committees were announced, which do not differ essentially from those of last year. Mr. Sherman, at the head of the Finance Committee, gives place to Mr. Fessenden.

In the House, a bill was introduced by Mr. Thayer to amend the act declaring the officer who shall act as President of the United States in case of the death, resignation, removal, or disability of the President. It was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

December 11:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson presented petitions of colored persons in the District of Columbia, asking for the right of suffrage.—A committee to recommend appropriate action on the death of President Lincoln was appointed.—Certain amendments proposed by the Union State Central Committee of Pennsylvania, prohibiting the assumption of the Rebel debt or the repudiation of the National, also prohibiting secession, were read and referred to the Judiciary Committee.—Resolutions strongly supporting the Monroe doctrine were offered by Mr. Wade.—A resolution was passed to refurnish the White House.

In the House, Mr. Schenck offered resolutions concerning affairs in Mexico, condemnatory of the attempt to establish an empire there, which were referred to the Foreign Affairs Committee.—A bill was offered to extend the elective franchise in the District of Columbia.—The Standing Committees were then announced by the Speaker. Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, is at the head of the Ways and Means; Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, is Chairman of the Commerce; Mr. Banks, of Massachusetts, stands first on Foreign Affairs, with Raymond, of New York, for second. A motion to print 250,000 copies of General Grant's Report was referred.

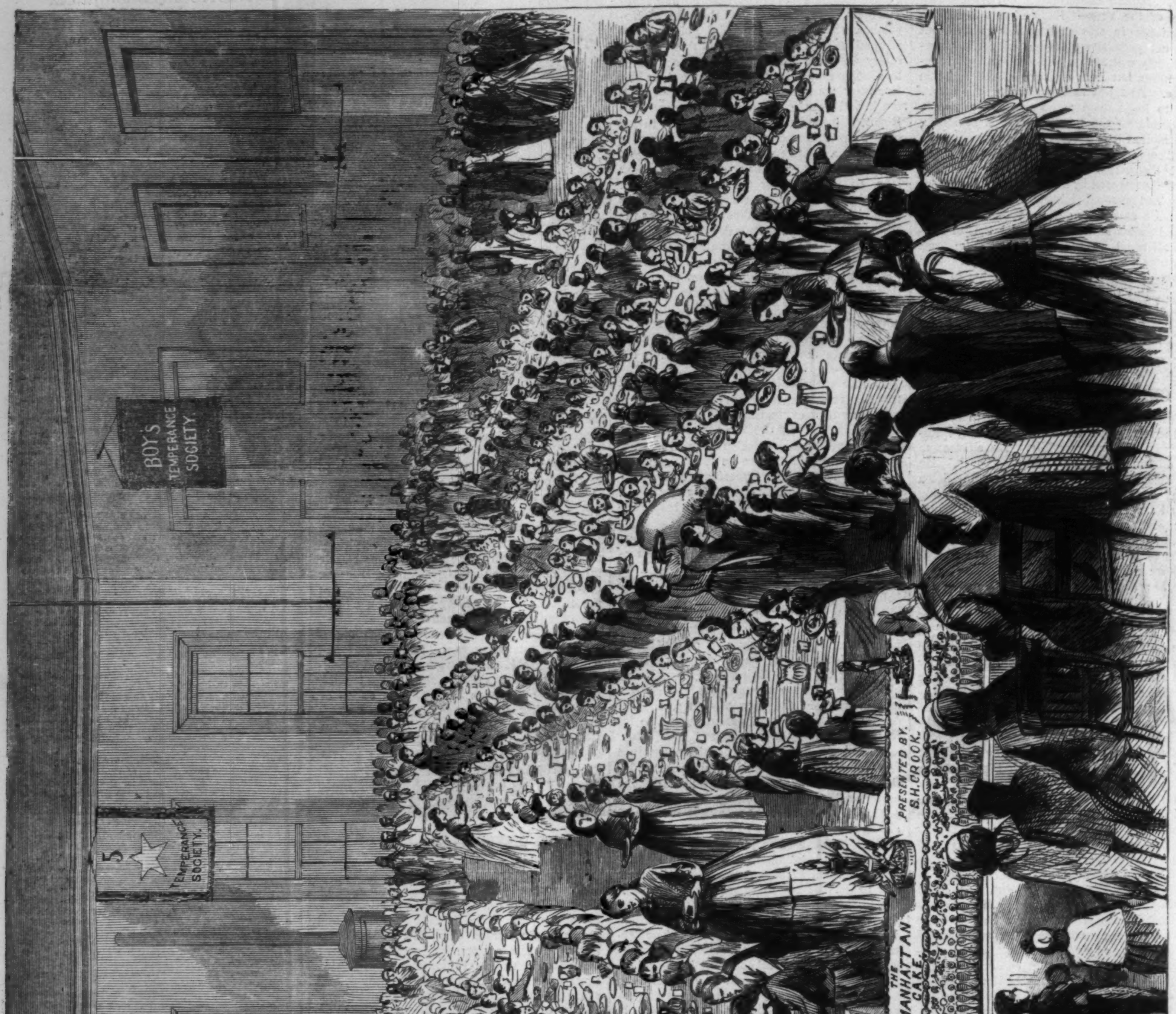
NEWS ITEMS.

On the 1st instant General Grant arrived in Charleston and was received with great enthusiasm, an interesting feature of which was the demonstration made by the colored people.

The wreckers have raised a large portion of the famous rebel iron-clad, the *Merrimac*, which was sunk off Norfolk.

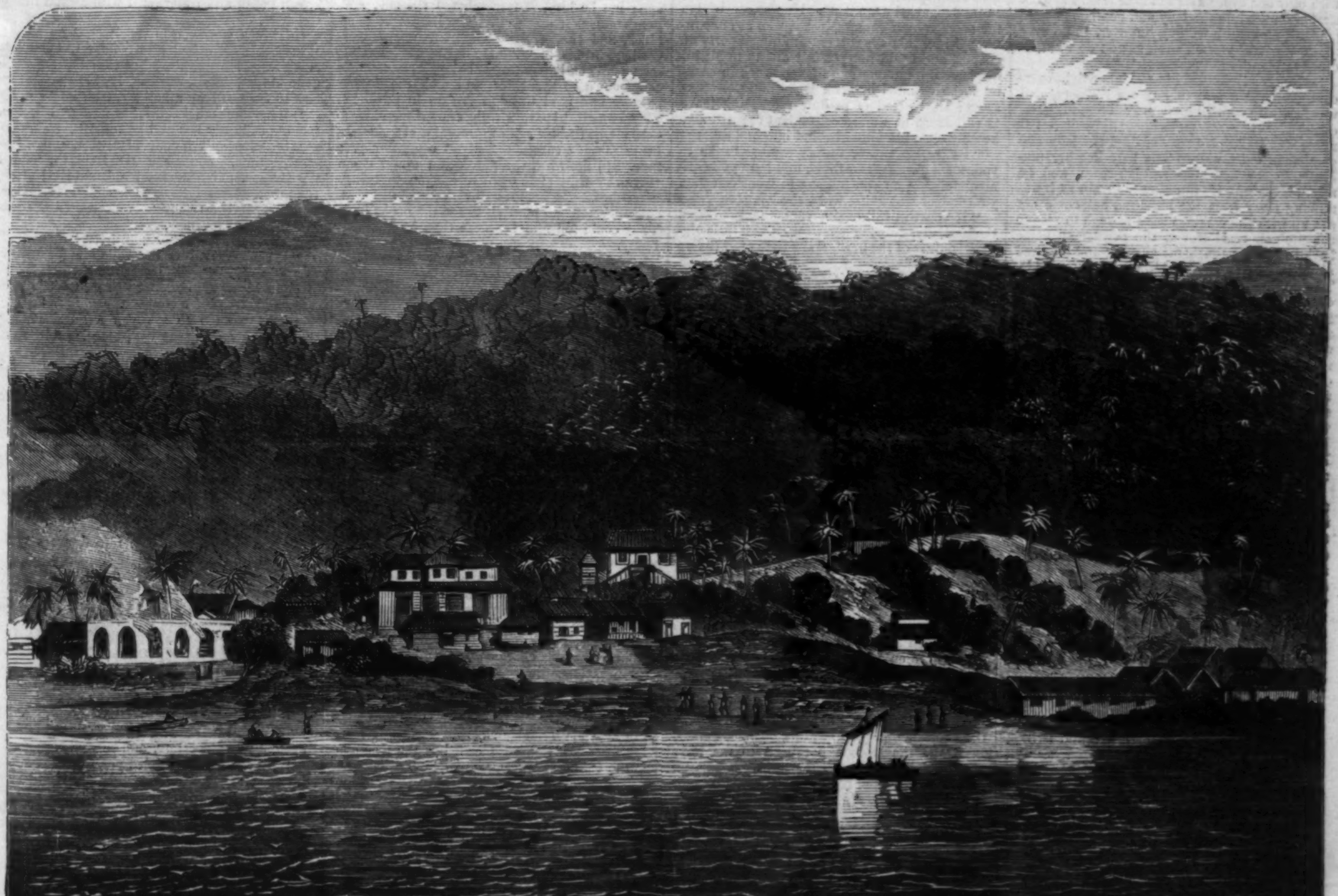
The Richmond *Republic* says that the United States Commissary Department in that city has issued to destitute citizens, since the 12th of last June, 520,400 rations, and is now issuing 1[illegible],000 rations per week. After the 15th inst. the issue is to be discontinued.

Mayor Lincoln, of Boston, has been re-elected.



THANKSGIVING DINNER AT THE FIVE POINTS LADIES' HOME MISSION OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—[See First Page.]

THE PORT OF VALPARAISO, CHILI, SOUTH AMERICA.—[SEE PAGE 806.]



THE TOWN OF MORANT, MORANT BAY, JAMAICA.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

VALPARAISO.

VALPARAISO, the principal port of Chili, which the blockade instituted by a Spanish fleet has just brought prominently into notice, consists of a long, narrow street. Trade is in the hands of the English, Americans, and French; and a handsome suburb on the heights above Valparaiso is almost exclusively inhabited by them. Valparaiso has become a port of great importance since the independence of Chili. There are extensive bonding warehouses, in which goods are deposited to the amount of many million dollars annually. Besides the ships engaged in the import and export trade of Chili, Valparaiso is a most convenient port for vessels from the eastern coast of Asia, the islands of the Pacific, the western coast of North America; and they may be provisioned without even coming to anchor.

It is stated that i e French and English Governments do not inte re, the European commercial establishments in at city will be utterly destroyed. The foreign de is said to amount to eighty millions of dollars. The entire transit trade is in the hands of foreigners, d all the merchandise in Chili is foreign. The Ch ns have their mercantile establishments at Sant go, Taica, Concepcion, and other towns in the inter ; but they have comparatively few on the coast here there are only French, English, Germans, and Belgians.

It appears, therefore, to be against foreign commerce rather than against Chili that Admiral PAREJA is making war. It is believed that both England and France have remonstrated, and this probably is the reason that Admiral PAREJA has been commanded by his government to suspend warlike operations until he shall receive further orders.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

FOLLOWING UP THE SCENT.

DAVIS'S stables were soon found; also Davis—Davis of the stable stably, all waistcoat, all pockets, all wide-awake, with a wisp of spotted cambric round his neck, a straw in his mouth, and no legs to speak of. This gentleman—not insensible to the attractions of her Majesty's profile in low relief on a neat pocket medallion—distinctly remembered supplying a fly on the morning in question. It was his large green fly, and he drove it himself. The gentleman desired him to drive to the Great Western Railway Station. The lady was in deep mourning, and looked as if she had been crying. When they got to Paddington, the gentleman gave him half-a-crown over and above his fare. The luggage all belonged to the lady. A porter took it off the cab and carried it into the station. Davis thought he should know the porter again if he saw him. He was a tall, red-haired man with only one eye. Did not hear it said to what station on the line the lady and gentleman were going. Was quite willing, however, to go over to the Great Western Terminus and do what he could to identify the porter.

So Mr. Davis shuffled himself into a light overcoat, accepted a seat in Saxon's Hansom, and was forthwith whirled away to Paddington. The one-eyed porter was found without difficulty. His name was Bell. He remembered the lady and gentleman quite well. The lady left her umbrella in the first-class waiting-room, and he found it there. He ran after the train as it was moving away from the platform, but could not get up with the carriage soon enough to restore the umbrella. However, the gentleman came back to London that same evening and inquired about it. Gave Bell a shilling for his trouble. The luggage was labeled Clevedon. He was certain it was Clevedon, because he had labeled it with his own hands, and remembered having first of all labeled it Cleve, by mistake. Of all these facts he was positive. The incident of the umbrella had impressed them on his memory; otherwise he did not suppose he should have retained a more distinct recollection of those two travelers than of the hundreds of others upon whom he attended daily.

This testimony shaped Saxon's course for him. He dismissed Davis, recompensed Bell, and by two o'clock was speeding away toward the west.

It was the down express; and yet how slowly the train seemed to go! Leaning back in a corner of the carriage, he watched the flitting of the landscape, and listened to the eager panting of the engine with an impatience that far outstripped the pace at which they were going. He counted the stations; he counted the minutes, the quarters, the half hours, the hours. The five minutes' delay at Didcot, the ten minutes at Swindon, the ten minutes at Bristol irritated him almost beyond endurance. He had no eyes for the rich autumnal country. He saw not, or saw without observing, the "proud keep" of Windsor standing high above its antique woods; the silver-gray Thames, with its sentinel willows and wooded slopes; the fair city of Bath, seated amidst her amphitheatre of hills; and Bristol, gloomy with the smoke of many furnaces. All he thought of, all he desired to see, all he aimed at now, was Clevedon.

Shortly after half past five he reached Bristol. At half past six he had arrived at his destination. There were flys and omnibuses waiting about the little station. He took a close fly, being anxious to avoid all danger of recognition, and desired to be driven to the best hotel in the place. There was but one, a large white house with a garden, overlooking the Bristol Channel. The day was waning and the tide was high on the beach, as Saxon stood for a moment among the flowering shrubs, looking over to the shadowy Welsh hills far away. The landlord, waiting at the door of the hotel to receive him, thought that his newly-arrived guest was admiring the setting sun, the placid sea with its path of fire, the little cove under the cliffs, and the steamer in the offing: but Saxon was scarcely conscious of the scene before him.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

THE DAUGHTER OF OCEAN.

No Mr. Forsyth had been heard of at the Royal Hotel, Clevedon, and no lady whom any person belonging to the house could identify with Saxon's description of Helen Rivière. The head waiter, a middle-aged man of clerical aspect, suggested that the gentleman should send for Mr. Slatter. Learning that Mr. Slatter was the superintendent of rural police, Saxon at once dispatched a messenger to request his presence; whereupon the clerical waiter respectfully inquired whether the gentleman had dined.

But Saxon had neither dined nor breakfasted that day, nor slept in a bed for four nights past; so he desired the waiter to serve whatever could be made ready immediately, flung himself upon a sofa, and, overwhelmed with fatigue, fell profoundly asleep.

It seemed to him that he had scarcely closed his eyes when a strange voice awoke him, and he found the waiter shouting in his ear, the dinner on the table, and Mr. Inspector Slatter waiting to speak with him.

Mr. Slatter represented the majesty of the English law to the extent of some six feet three, and was a huge, bronzed, crisp-haired, keen-eyed giant, with a soft rich voice, and a broad Somersetshire accent. He had not heard of any Mr. Forsyth at Clevedon, and he was positive that no such name had been added to the visitors' list up at the Reading-rooms. He had, however, observed a lady in very deep black sitting alone on the Old Church Hill both yesterday and the day before. Not having been on the hill himself, Mr. Inspector Slatter could not say whether the lady was young or old; but that she was a "new arrival" he did not doubt. She had not been on the hill to-day. He had passed that way half a dozen times, and could not have failed to see her if she had been there. As to finding out where this lady might be lodging, nothing was easier. Mr. Slatter would guarantee that information within a couple of hours.

So Saxon sat down to his solitary dinner, and Mr. Slatter departed on his mission. Rather before than after the expiration of two hours he came back, having ascertained all that he had promised to learn. Miss Rivière had indeed been at Clevedon. She arrived five days before, accompanied by a gentleman who returned to London by the next up-train, leaving her in apartments at Weston Cottage, down by the Green Beach. This very day, however, shortly after twelve, the same gentleman had come to fetch her away to Bristol, and they had left about two o'clock.

Saxon snatched up his hat, bade the Inspector lead the way, and rushed off to Weston Cottage, to interrogate the landlady. He was received in the passage by a gaunt spinster, who at once informed him that she was entertaining a party of friends, and could not possibly attend to his inquiries. But Saxon was quite too much in earnest to be daunted by grim looks and short answers; so, instead of politely requesting leave to call again at a more convenient opportunity, he only closed the door behind him and said:

"I have but two or three questions to put to you, madam. Answer those, and I am gone immediately. Can you tell me in what direction your lodger was going when she left here?"

"If you will call again, young man," began the landlady, drawing herself up with a little dignified quiver of the head, "any time after twelve to-morrow—"

"Gracious Heavens, madam, I may be a couple of hundred miles hence by twelve to-morrow!" interrupted Saxon, impetuously. "Answer me at once, I beseech you."

Protesting all the time that it was very extraordinary, very unreasonable, very inconvenient, the mistress of Weston Cottage then replied as curtly and disagreeably as possible to Saxon's questions. Miss Rivière and Mr. Forsyth had left her house at a little before two o'clock that afternoon. They took the twenty-three minutes past two o'clock train to Bristol. Where they might be going after that she could not tell. Having heard Mr. Forsyth mention the words "high tide" and "Cumberland Basin," she had guessed at the time that they might be about to continue their journey by water. This, however, was a mere supposition on her part, as she had only overheard the words by chance while passing the drawing-room door. Mr. Forsyth, she had understood, was Miss Rivière's guardian. He did not arrive unexpectedly. It had all along been arranged that he should return to-day to fetch Miss Rivière away; and the apartments were only engaged for one week. Some of Miss Rivière's luggage, indeed, had never been taken up stairs at all; and the rest was ready in the hall a good two hours before they went away. It was all labeled Bristol. Here the gaunt landlady's unwilling testimony ended.

By the time Saxon got back to the Royal Hotel it was close upon ten o'clock. The last train to Bristol had been gone nearly two hours, and he must now either take post-horses all the way, or drive to the Yatton junction, so as to catch the up-train from Exeter at fifty-five minutes past ten. Having taken counsel with Mr. Slatter, he decided on the latter as the more expeditious route, and in the course of a few minutes had paid his hotel bill, recompensed the inspector, and was once again on his way.

Then came the gloomy road; the monotonous tramp of hoofs and rumble of wheels; hedgerows gliding slowly past in the darkness, and now and then a house brimming over with light and warmth. Next the station, with the up-train just steaming in; porters running along the platform; first-class passengers peering out cozily through close-shut windows; and the engine all glow, smoke, and impatience, panting for release. Here Saxon exchanged the dismal hotel fly for a warm corner in a dimly-lighted railway carriage, and so sped on again till the train stopped at the Bristol station, where he alighted, jumped into a cab, and bade the driver take him to Cumberland Basin.

The way to this place lay through a tangled maze of narrow by-streets, over lighted bridges, along silent quays, and beside the floating harbor thick with masts, till they came to an office close against a pair of huge gates, beyond which more masts were dimly visible. There were lights in the windows of this office, the door of which was presently opened by a sleepy porter, who, being questioned about the boats which had left Cumberland Basin that day, said he would call Mr. Lillicrap, and vanished. After a delay of several minutes Mr. Lillicrap came out of an inner room—a small, pallid young man, redolent of tobacco and rum, and disposed to be snappish. "Boats?" he said, "boats? Very extraordinary hour to come there asking about boats. Did people suppose that boats went out from the basin at midnight? Had any boats gone out that day? Absurd question! Of course boats had gone out. Boats went out every day. There had been a boat to Ilfracombe—that went at five; a boat to Hayle—at half past three; one to Swansea—at half past four; and the daily boat to Portishead at two. Any others? Oh yes, to be sure—one other, the *Daughter of Ocean*, for Bordeaux—not a fixed boat. Went about twice a month, and started to-day about four."

For Bordeaux! Saxon's pulse leaped at the name.

"The *Daughter of Ocean* carries passengers of course?" he asked, quickly.

"Oh yes, of course."

"And there is a regular steam-service, is there not, between Bordeaux and America?"

Mr. Lillicrap stared and laughed.

"To be sure there is," he replied. "The French service. But what traveler in his senses would go from Bristol to Bordeaux to get to New York, when he can embark at Liverpool or Southampton? Out of the question."

But Saxon, instead of arguing this point with Mr. Lillicrap, begged to know where he should apply for information about those passengers who had gone with the steamer that afternoon; whereupon Mr. Lillicrap, who was really disposed to be obliging despite his irascibility, offered to send the porter with him to a certain booking-office where these particulars might perhaps be ascertained. So Saxon followed the man over a little draw-bridge and across a dreary yard full of casks and packing-cases to another office, where, although it was so long past business hours, a pleasant kind of foreman came down to speak to him. The books, he said, were locked up, and the clerks gone hours ago; but he himself remembered the lady and gentleman perfectly well. The lady wore deep black, and the gentleman carried a large carpet-bag in his hand. He recollected having seen the gentleman several days before. He came down to the office, and took the double passage and paid the double fare in advance. They came on board a little after three o'clock—it might be half past three—and the *Daughter of Ocean* steamed out about a quarter past four. If, however, the gentleman would come there any time after eight to-morrow morning, he could see the books, and welcome.

But Saxon had no need to see the books now. They could tell him no more than he knew already.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

ALTHOUGH he left Bristol by the first morning express, Saxon yet found that he must perforce wait in town till evening before he could pursue his journey further. The early Continental Mail train was, of course, gone long ere he reached Paddington, and the next would not leave London Bridge till eight P.M. As for the tidal route, *via* Boulogne, it fell so late in the afternoon that he would be in nowise a gainer by following it. So he had no resource but to wait patiently and bear the delay with as much philosophy as he could muster to his aid.

In the mean while he was quite resolved to keep clear of his allies and accept no aid from without. The clew which he now held was of his own finding, and the failure or success with which he should follow it up must be his own likewise. So he went neither to Lombard Street to learn if there were news of Laurence Greatorex, nor to Chancery Lane to consult with Mr. Keckwitch, nor even to his club; but having looked in at his chambers, and desired the imperturbable Gillingwater to prepare his traveling kit and have his dinner ready by a certain hour, the young man thought he could not spend his "enforced leisure" better than by taking William Trefalden at his word, and learning from Mr. Behrens's own lips the true story of the Castletowers' mortgage.

The wool-stapler's offices were easily found, and consisted of a very dreary, dusty, comfortless first-floor in a dismal house at the farther end of Bread Street. On entering the outer room Saxon found himself in the presence of three very busy clerks, a tall porter sitting humbly on the extreme edge of a huge packing-case, a small boy shrilly telling over a long list of names and addresses, and a bulky, beetle-browed man in a white hat, who was standing in a masterful attitude before the empty fire-place, his feet very wide apart, and his hands clasped behind his back. Saxon recognized him at once—keen gray eyes, iron-gray hair, white hat, and all.

"Mr. Behrens, I believe," he said.

The wool-stapler nodded with surly civility.

"My name is Behrens," he replied.

"And mine, Trefalden. Will you oblige me with five minutes' private conversation?"

Mr. Behrens looked at the young man with undissembled curiosity.

"Oh, then you are Mr. Saxon Trefalden, I suppose," he said. "I know your name very well. Step in."

And he led the way into his private room—a mere den some ten feet square, as cheerful and luxurious as a condemned cell.

"I must beg your pardon, Mr. Behrens, for introducing myself to you in this abrupt way," said Saxon, when they were both seated.

"Not at all, Sir," replied the other, bluntly. "I am glad to have the opportunity of seeing you. You were a nine days' wonder here in the City some months ago."

"Not for any good deeds of my own, I fear," laughed Saxon.

"Why, no; but for what the world values above good deeds nowadays—the gifts of fortune. We don't all get our money so easily as yourself, Sir."

"And a fortunate thing too. Those who work for it are happier than those who only inherit it. I had far rather have worked for mine, if I could have chosen."

Mr. Behrens's rugged face lighted up with approbation.

"I am glad to hear you say so," said he. "It is a very proper feeling, and, as a statement, quite true to fact. I know what work is—no man better. I began life as a factory boy, and I have made my way up from the bottom of the ladder. I had no help, no education, no capital—nothing in the world to trust to but my head and my hands. I have known what it is to sleep under a hay-stack and dine upon a raw turnip; and yet I say I had rather have suffered what I did suffer than have dawdled through life with my hands in my pockets and an empty title tacked to my name."

"I hope you do not think that I have dawdled through life, or ever mean to dawdle through it," said Saxon. "I am nothing but a Swiss farmer. I have driven the plow and hunted the chamois ever since I was old enough to do either."

"Ay—but now you're a fine gentleman!"

"Not a bit of it! I am just what I have always been, and I am going home before long to my own work and my own people. I intend to live and die a citizen-farmer of the Swiss Republic."

"Then, upon my soul, Mr. Saxon Trefalden, you are the most sensible young man I ever met in my life!" exclaimed the wool-stapler, admiringly. "I could not have believed that any young man would be so unspoiled by the sudden acquisition of wealth. Shake hands, Sir. I am proud to know you."

And the self-made man put out his great brown hand, and fraternized with Saxon across the table.

"I know your cousin very well," he added. "In fact I have just been round to Chancery Lane to call upon him; but they tell me he is gone abroad for six weeks. Rather unusual for him to take so long a holiday, isn't it?"

"Very unusual, I think," stammered Saxon, turning suddenly red and hot.

"It's especially inconvenient to me, too, just at this time," continued Mr. Behrens, "for I have important business on hand, and Keckwitch, though a clever fellow, is not Mr. Trefalden. Your cousin is a remarkably clear-headed, intelligent man of business, Sir."

"Yes. He has great abilities."

"He has acted as my solicitor for several years," said Mr. Behrens. And then he leaned back in his chair, and looked as if he wondered what Saxon's visit was about.

"I—I wanted to ask you a question, Mr. Behrens, if I may take the liberty," said Saxon, observing the look.

"Surely, Sir. Surely."

"It is about the Castletowers estate."

Mr. Behrens's brow clouded over at this announcement.

"About the Castletowers estate?" he repeated.

"Lord Castletowers," said Saxon, beating somewhat about the bush in his reluctance to approach the main question, "is—is my intimate friend."

"Humph!"

"And—and his means, I fear, are very inadequate to his position."

"If you mean that he is a drone in the hive and wants more honey than his fair share, Mr. Trefalden, let him do what you and I were talking of just now—work for it."

"I believe he would gladly do so, Mr. Behrens, if he had the opportunity," replied Saxon; "but that is not it."

"Of course not. That never is it," said the man of the people.

"What I mean is, that he has been cruelly hampered by the debts with which his father encumbered the estate, and—"

"And he has persuaded you to come here and intercede for more time? It is the old story, Mr. Trefalden—it is the story of every poor gentleman who can not pay up his mortgage money when it falls due. I can't listen to it any longer. I can do no more for Lord Castletowers than I have done already. The money was due on the second of this month, and to-day is the seventeenth. I consented to wait one week over time, and on the ninth your cousin came to me imploring one week more. Lord Castletowers, he said, was abroad, but expected home daily. Money was promised, but had not yet come in. In short, one additional week was to put every

thing straight. I am no friend to coronets, as your cousin knows; but I would not desire to be harsh to any man, whether he were a lord or a crossing sweeper—so I let your friend have the one week more. It expired yesterday. I expected Mr. Trefalden all the afternoon, and he never made his appearance. I have called at his office this morning, and I hear that he has left town for six weeks. I am sorry for it, because I must now employ a stranger, which makes it, of course, more unpleasant for Lord Castletowers. But I can't help myself. I must have the money, and I must foreclose. That is my last word on the matter."

And having said this, Mr. Behrens thrust his hands doggedly into his pockets, and stared defiantly at his visitor.

Saxon could scarcely suppress a smile of triumph. He had learned more than he came to ask, and was in a better position than if he had actually put the question which he was preparing in his mind.

"I think we slightly misunderstand each other, Mr. Behrens," he said. "I am here to-day to pay you the twenty-five thousand pounds due to you from Lord Castletowers. Do you wish to receive it in cash, or shall I pay it into any bank on your account!"

"You—you can pay it over to me, if you please, Sir," stammered the wool-stapler, utterly confounded by the turn which affairs were taking.

"I am not sure that I have quite so large a sum at my banker's at this present moment. But I will go at once to Signor Nazzari, of Austin Friars, who is my stock-broker, and arrange the matter. If, therefore, I give you a check for the amount, Mr. Behrens, you will not present it, I suppose, before to-morrow?"

"No—not before to-morrow. Certainly not before to-morrow."

Saxon drew his check-book from his pocket, and laid it before him on the table.

"By-the-way, Mr. Behrens," he said, "I hear that you have built yourself a pretty house down at Castletowers."

"Confoundedly damp," replied the wool-stapler.

"Indeed! The situation is very pleasant. Your grounds once formed a part of the Castletowers park, did they not?"

"Yes; I gave his lordship two thousand pounds for that little bit of land. It was too much—more than it was worth."

Saxon opened his check-book, drew the inkstand toward him, and selected a pen.

"You would not care to sell the place, I suppose, Mr. Behrens?" he said, carelessly.

"Humph! I don't know."

"If you would, I should be happy to buy it."

"The house and stables cost me two thousand five hundred to build," said the wool-stapler.

"And yet are damp!"

"Well, the damp is really nothing to speak of," replied Behrens, quickly.

"Let me see; I believe Lord Castletowers sold a couple of farms at the same time—did you buy those also, Mr. Behrens?"

"No, Sir. They were bought by a neighbor of mine—a Mr. Sloper. I rather think they are again in the market."

"I should be very glad to buy them if they are."

"You wish, I see, to have a little landed property over in England, Mr. Trefalden. You are quite right, Sir; and, after all, you are more than half an Englishman."

"My name is English, my descent is English, and my fortune is English," replied Saxon, smiling.

The wool-stapler nodded approval.

"Well," he said, "I have lately bought an estate down in Worcestershire, and I have no objection to sell the Surrey place if you have a fancy to buy it. It has cost me, first and last, nearly five thousand pounds."

"I will give you that price for it with pleasure, Mr. Behrens," replied Saxon. "Shall I make out the check for thirty thousand pounds, and settle it at once?"

The seller laughed grimly.

"I think you had better wait till your cousin comes back before you pay me for it, Mr. Trefalden," he said. "The bargain is made, and that's enough; but you ought not to part from your money without receiving your title-deeds in exchange."

Saxon hesitated and looked embarrassed.

"If you are afraid that I shall change my mind, you can give me fifty pounds on the bargain—will that do? People don't buy freehold estates in quite that off-hand way, you see, even though they may be as rich as the Bank of England; but one can see you are not much used to business."

"I told you I was only a farmer, you know," laughed Saxon, making out his check for the twenty-five thousand and fifty pounds.

"Ay, but take care you don't fling your money away, Mr. Trefalden. You're a very young man, and, begging your pardon for the observation, you don't know much of the world. Money is a hard thing to manage; and you have more, I fancy, than you know what to do with."

"Perhaps I have."

"At all events, you can't do better than buy land; always remember that. I do it myself, and I advise others to do it."

"I mean to buy all I can get in my native Canton."

"That's right, Sir; and if you like, I will inquire about those two farms for you."

"I should be more obliged to you than I can express."

"Not in the least. I like you; and when I like people, I am glad to be of service to them. You wouldn't be particular, I suppose, to a few hundreds?"

"I don't care what price I pay for them."

"Whew! I must not tell Sloper that. In fact, I shall not mention you at all. Your name alone would add fifty per cent. to the price."

"I shall be satisfied with whatever bargain you can make for me, Mr. Behrens," said Saxon, and handed him the check.

The wool-stapler shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"I must give you receipts for these two sums," he said; "but your cousin ought to be present on the part of Lord Castletowers. The whole thing is irregular. Hadn't you better wait while I send round to Chancery Lane for Mr. Keckwitch?"

But Saxon, anxious above all things to avoid a meeting with that worthy man, would not hear of this arrangement; so Mr. Behrens gave him two formal receipts in the presence of one of his clerks, pocketed the check, and entered Saxon's address in his note-book.

"As soon as I have any news about the farms, Mr. Trefalden," said he, "I will let you know."

And with this they shook hands cordially and parted.

"I'll be bound that open-handed young fellow has lent the Earl this money," muttered he, as he locked the check away in his cash-box. "Confound the aristocrats! They are all either drones or hornets."

In the mean while Saxon was tearing along Cheapside on his way to Austin Friars, eager to secure Signor Nazzari's services while the Stock Exchange was yet open, and full of joy in the knowledge that he had saved his friend from ruin.

About an hour and a half later, as he was walking slowly across the open space in front of the Exchange, having just left the Bank of England, where he had found all his worst fears confirmed with respect to the stock sold out by his cousin in virtue of the power of attorney granted by himself five months before, the young man was suddenly brought to a pause by a hand upon his sleeve and a panting voice calling upon his name.

"Mr. Saxon Trefalden—beg your pardon, Sir—one half-minute, if you please!"

It was Mr. Keckwitch, breathless, pallid, streaming with perspiration, and almost speechless.

"One of our clerks, Sir," he gasped, "'appened to catch sight of you—gettin' out of a cab—top of Bread Street. I've been followin' you—ever since he came back. Mr. Behrens directed me to Austin Friars—from Austin Friars sent on—to Bank. And here I am!"

Saxon frowned; for his cousin's head clerk was precisely the one person whom he had least wished to meet.

"I am sorry, Mr. Keckwitch," he said, "that you have put yourself to so much inconvenience."

"Bless you, Sir, I don't regard the inconvenience. The point is—have you learned any thing of the missing man?"

Saxon was so unused to dissemble that after a moment's palpable hesitation he could think of no better expedient than to ask a question in return.

"Have none of your emissaries learned any thing, Mr. Keckwitch?"

"No, Sir, not at present. I've had three telegrams this mornin'—one from Liverpool, one from Southampton, and one from Glasgow; all tellin' the same tale—no success. As for Mr. Kidd he's taken the London docks for his line; but he's done no better than other folks up to this time. If, however, *you* have made any way, Sir, why then we can't do better then follow your lead."

They were close under the equestrian statue of the Duke when Saxon stopped short, and looking the head clerk full in the face, replied:

"Yes, Mr. Keckwitch, I do know something of my cousin's movements, but it is my intention to keep that knowledge to myself. You can, if you please, put a stop to all these useless inquiries; for I shall now retain this matter solely in my own hands."

"Not excludin' me from assistin' you, Sir, I hope?" exclaimed Keckwitch, anxiously. "Of course, if you have found a clew, and it's your pleasure to follow it yourself, that's only what you've a right to do; but I'm a man of experience, and I've done so much in the affair already—"

"I am obliged by what you have done, Mr. Keckwitch," said Saxon, "and I shall make it my business to recompense you for your trouble; but I have no further need of your services."

"But, Sir—but, Mr. Saxon Trefalden—you can't mean to give me the go-by in this way! It ain't fair, Sir!"

"Not fair, Mr. Keckwitch?"

"After my toilin' all the summer through, as I have been toilin'—after all the trouble I've taken, and all the money I've spent to worm out your cousin's ways—why, Sir, you'd never have known even so much as where he lived if it hadn't been for me!"

"Mr. Keckwitch," said Saxon, sternly, "whatever you may have done was done to please yourself, I presume—to satisfy your own curiosity, or serve your ends. It was certainly not done for me. I do not consider that you have any claim upon my confidence, or even upon my purse. However, as I said before, I shall recompense you by-and-by as I see fit. Good-morning."

And with this the young man hailed a cab, desired to be driven to his chambers, and speedily vanished in the throng of Westward-bound vehicles, leaving the head clerk boiling over with impotent rage and disappointment.

"Well, I'm cursed if that isn't a specimen of ingratitude!" muttered he. "Here's a purse-proud upstart for you to step in and rob an honest man of his fair vengeance. Recompense, indeed! Damn his recompense and himself too! I hate him. I wish he was dead. I hate the whole tribe of Trefaldens. I wish they were all dead, and that I had the buryin' of 'em."

MAKING MEMORIES.

MAKING beautiful memories
  To sweeten our lives in another day;
To be remembered in the years
  Waiting for us in the far away.

Leafy groves, where long, cool shades
  Woo unto rambling hour on hour;
To be remembered like a dream—
  Leaf and bird and grass and flower.

Leaf-full hollows, old beech-tree
  Where, with my penknife, thus I mark
J for Jennie, and F for Fred,
  And a ring around them in the bark.

Under the white moonlight last night
  Where we whispered, hand in hand,
Looking out from the pillars' shade
  Over the beach with its white, white sand—

There was a picture! The far-off stars,
  The near-by daisies, the sighing sea;
The good-night pressure of hands; the words
  That fluttered down from your window to me.

I read the writing out under the moon:
  "Good-night, my darling, my noble Fred,
I love you, and I shall dream of you—
  Good-night, good-night!" was what it said.

The commonest thing of our to-day
  Will sometime be a poem, a dream;
Bathed in the light of the far away,
  How fair, how fair these hours will seem!

Much of this is for memories—
  Much, perhaps, will be forgot;
But the word that told me you loved me, love,
  Oh, that will not! oh, that will not!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

FROM TONICS TO IRRITANTS.—Spain, not satisfied with her course of Peruvian bark, has now plunged herself into a Chili pickle. This splenetic small power evidently does not know what to be at, and the great powers ought, in kindness, to put her into a strait-waistcoat. It will not prove easy to secure her, to judge by the dexterity with which she has slipped out of her bonds on former occasions.

PROVERBIAL WISDOM.

(Our Own Manufacture.)

Your breath you'll not sweeten by talking of honey;
Self-wise ones are soonest beguiled of their money;
Foolish friends, more than foes, are the vials of sorrow;
Not long will they ride who their horses must borrow;
You'd better a friend than a kinsman rely on;
Though a gnat is your foe, think him strong as a lion;
A hand may be white that is washed upon credit;
A word may be true, though a jester hath said it.

In the midst of the Atlantic is an isle, verdant, fructuous, inexhaustible, magnificent. The *potatoe*, simple meat of a people primitive, pastoral, undepraved, sheds its luxuriant foliage to the embalmy breeze; *the potheen*, or wine of the country, renews without ceasing the prolific ardor of the peasant; and the *pigg*, animal incomprehended, but sublime, shares the couch of straw with his infants and his spouse.

It is a lively isle, but it is martyrized by the sway of the Briton. And its name?

Oh, sad but illustrious memory of Daniells O'Brien, it is Erin!

By a queer mistake a package was lately received at the Quarter-master's store, at Salt Lake, which was intended for another destination. On being opened, it was found to contain a pair of lady's gaiters, addressed to "Mrs. Brigham Young the twentieth."

FLOWERY.—"What flower of beauty shall I marry?" asked a young spendthrift of his miserly governor. To which the governor replied, with a grim smile, "Marigold."

A young lady who was perfectly thunder-struck at hearing of her friend's engagement has since been provided with a lightning-rod.

HOW TO GET UP A QUARREL WITH A WIFE.—Wait until she is at her toilet preparatory to going out. She will be sure to ask you if her bonnet is straight. Remark that the lives of nine-tenths of the women are passed in thinking whether their bonnets are straight, and wind up with the remark that you never knew but one who had common sense about her. Wife will ask you who that was. You, with a sigh, reply, "Ah! never mind." Wife will ask you why you did not marry her. You say, abstractedly, "Ah! why, indeed?" The climax is reached by this time, and a regular row is sure to follow.

THE TEETOTALER'S PARADISE—The Temperate Zone.

It is funny to see a young lady with both hands in soft dough and a mosquito on the end of her nose.

Why is a cat going up three flights of stairs like a big hill?—Because she is *a mountin'*.

Why is a lead-pencil like poor human nature?—Because it never does *right* of itself.

A good story is told of a Methodist, at whose house an itinerant preacher was passing the night, who, when bedtime came and family prayers were suggested, in searching for a Bible, finally produced a couple of torn leaves of the good Book, with the naive remark, "I didn't know I was so near out of Bibles."

In what color should a secret be kept?—*In violet.*

Why are authors of works on Physiognomy like an army of soldiers.—Because they "*right about face.*"

THE FLIRT'S PARADISE—Coquet Island.

"Auntie," said four-year-old Alice, whose little head was full of Christmas, "I want to write a letter to Santa Claus—or will you write it for me?" "Auntie" took her pen and wrote *verbatim* at the child's dictation:

"DEAR SANTA CLAUS,—I wish you would get me a little dolly, turning around, if that belongs to Christmas; and a candy cane, if *that* belongs to Christmas. If it don't, I don't want it. And an apron for my doll, if Christmas brings aprons. If it don't, I don't want any. That is all I want. ALICE."

"Now send it to the post-office," said she.

Santa Claus will be pretty sure to answer that letter, we think.

Paddy's description of a fiddle can not be beat: "It was the shape of a turkey and the size of a goose; he turned it over on its belly and rubbed its back-bone with a stick, and och by St. Patrick how it did squale!"

MOTTO FOR A SMOKING PHILOSOPHER.—A short pipe and a merry one.

Why is a horse like the letter O?—Because G makes it go. And what is the difference between this conundrum and my aunt who squints? One is a query with an answer; the other is an aunt, Sir, with a queer eye.

Why are pen-makers like inciters to evil doing?—Because they make people *steel* pens and say they do *write*.

When is a tired man like a thief?—When he needs *arresting*.

Why are seeds and gate-posts put in the ground?—To *prop-a-gate*.

The Illinois fat girl, weighing six hundred pounds, has been bound over for stealing a small sum of money. The amount of cord required to bind her over with is not stated.

So far as heard from the matrimonial market stands thus: Old stock married off, none; old stock hopeful of success, 1; widows of first-class married or soon will be, 10; widows of second-class married or soon will be, 15; young ladies married, 17; engaged and day fixed for wedding, 95; betrothed and gone to get consent of paterfamilias, 67; still billing and cooing, 99; matches broken up by stern parients, 11; come together again, 3—but they have to dodge parient; in love, but not reciprocated, 374; no one to love, 49; elopements, 1; private marriages, 2.

An eloquent speaker is like a river—greatest at the mouth.

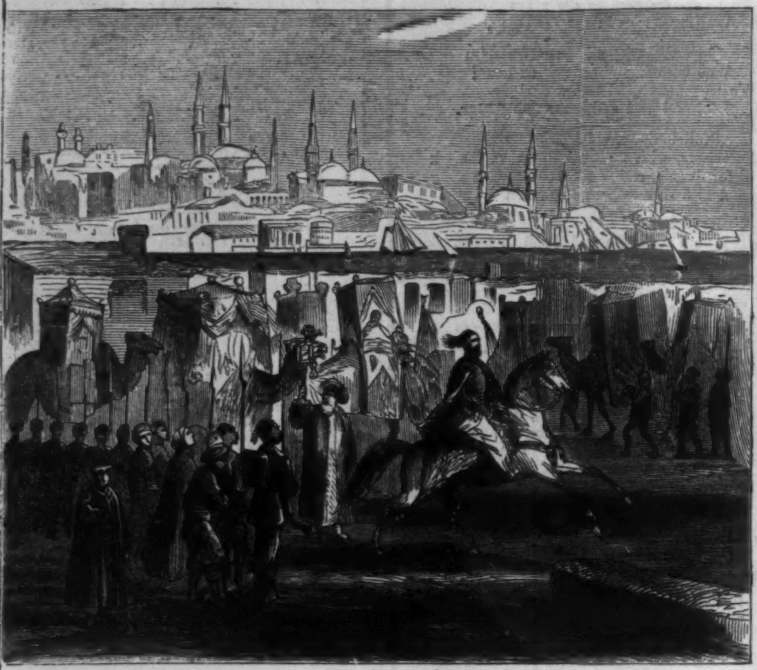
That was not a bad reply of the English painter of "The Israelites in Egypt," who, on Pharaoh and his host being inquired for by his impatient patron, pointed to an expanse of water—"The Red Sea, my lord; they are all there."

In what circumstances is a woman that wears stays?—Straitened circumstances.

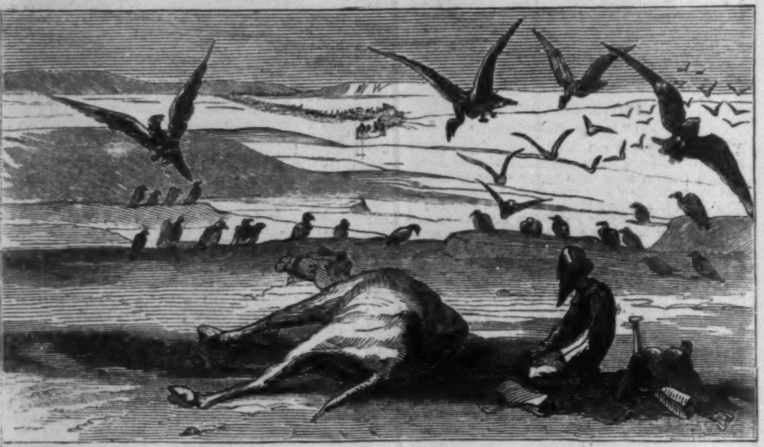
DESCENDING FROM THE GENERAL TO THE PARTICULAR.

HONEST FRENCHMAN (*in the Ecstasy of his Heart*). "Ah, Madame! comme les Americaines sont Belles!"

CHARMING WIDOW (*appropriating the Compliment*). "Ah, Mosew! com lay Frongsay song *Flattewr!*"



DEPARTURE OF THE SURE-EMINI.

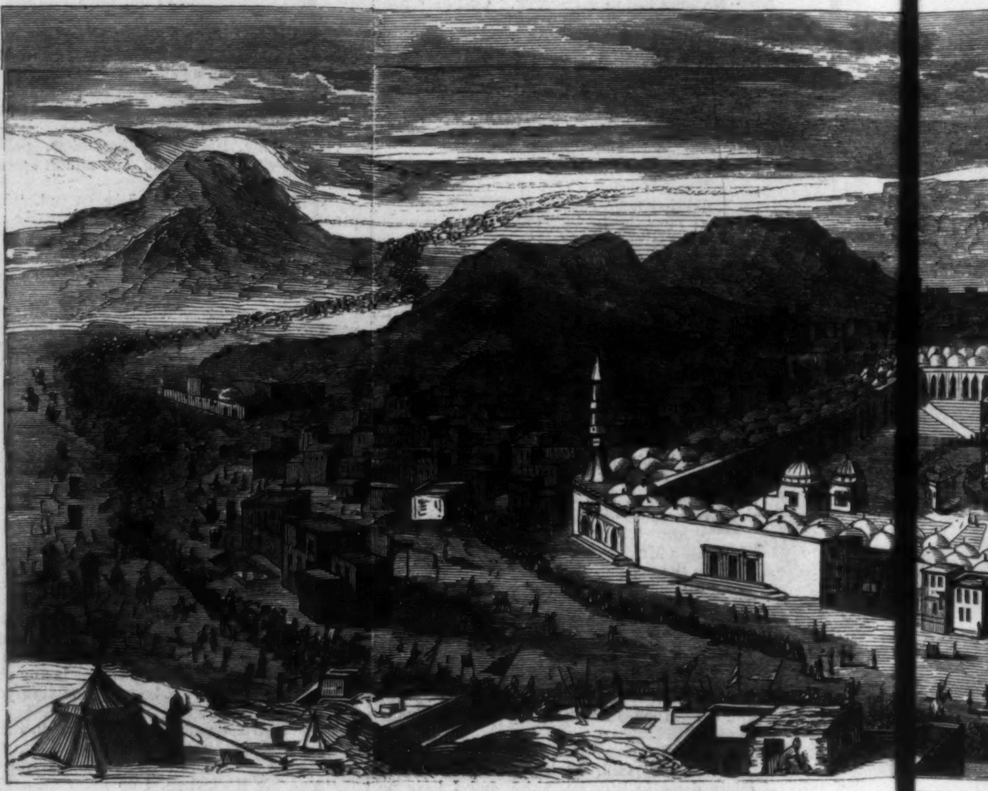


THE DESERT.

ENCAMPMENT OF PILGRIMS.

THE SACRIFICES NEAR THE VILLAGE OF MAHALLE-Y-MINA.

THE VARIOUS ATTITUDES OF PRAYER AMO



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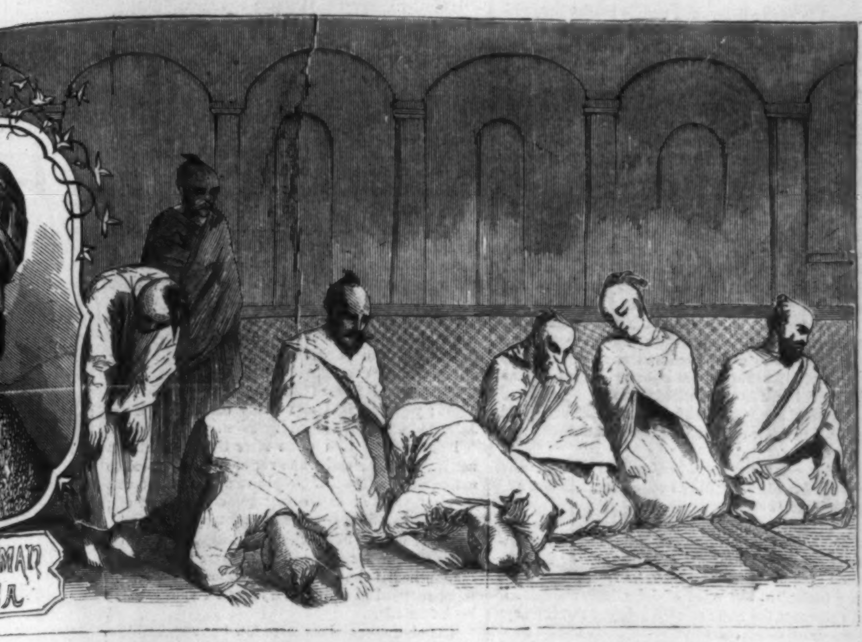
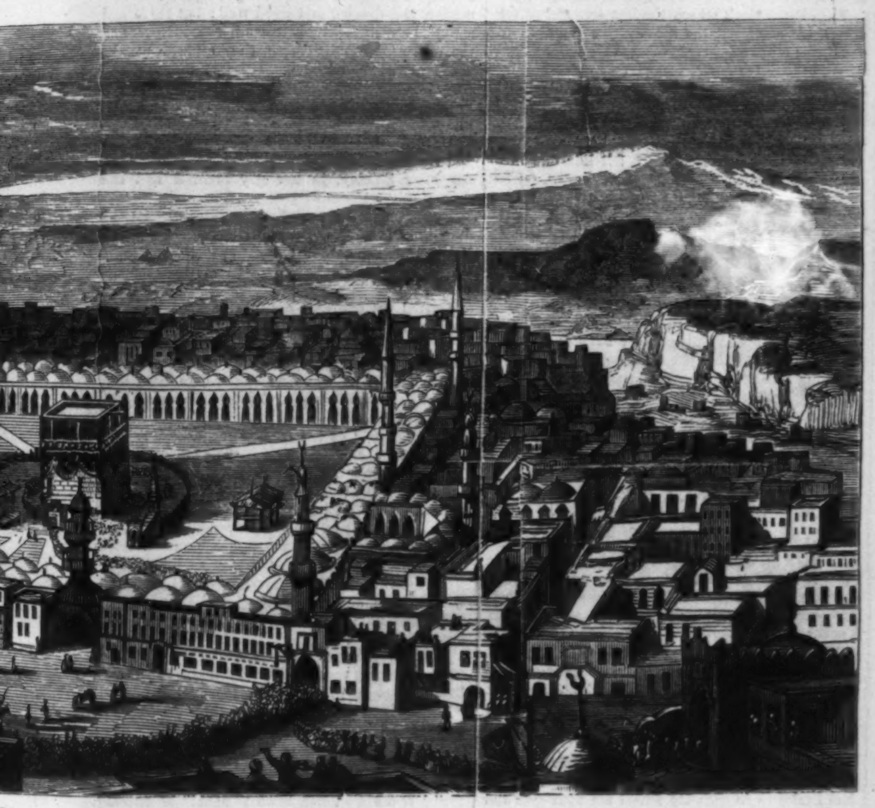
THE PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA.—[



ER AMONG THE MUSSELMANS.

PREACHING AT THE MOSQUE



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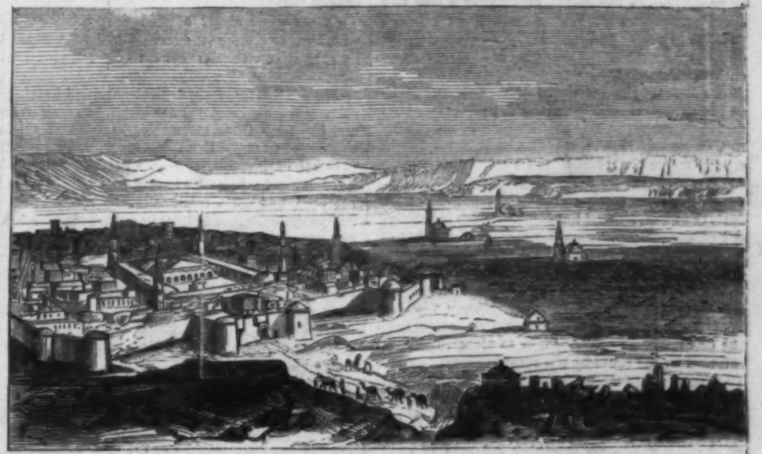

MEDINA.

THE STAMBOUL CARAVAN IN THE DESERT.

HE CARAVAN.

PILGRIMS ASCENDING THE HILL OF SAFA.

CA.—[See Page 810.]

THE PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA.

AT this time, when, at the suggestion of France, a European Congress has been determined upon to investigate as to the means necessary to prevent the pilgrims to Mecca from bringing along with them that terrible pestilence from which so many European countries have suffered, our readers can not fail to be interested in the details of this pilgrimage, which is the grandest ceremony of the Mohammedan religion.

The pilgrimage to Mecca is an act obligatory upon all Mohammedans. Thus it happens that every year an innumerable crowd converges from every portion of Asia and Africa upon the same point, where it accumulates a pestilent heap of humanity. In making the number of these pilgrims three hundred thousand we understate the actual truth. There are two principal lines of procession, as the pilgrims gather about two grand centres—Cairo and Constantinople. The Cairo caravan which gathers together the Mohammedans from Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, and from the desert of Sahara as far as Nubia, has some remarkable characteristics, made up as it is of the most curious and savage types of African countries. The Stamboul, or Constantinople caravan, makes a grand halt at Damascus, where it is augmented by arrivals of detached columns from Asia.

For several days previous to their departure the pilgrims of the Cairo caravan gather together at the doors of hospitals and mosques, where they listen to religious harangues, followed by the *zikr*, a sort of plaintive chorus which the pilgrims chant sitting in a circle. This forms the subject of one of our engravings.

In the mosque at Mecca is the *Kâbah*, an oblong edifice of fine gray granite, 55 feet in length by 45 in breadth, and from 35 to 40 in height. It is surrounded by a covering of black silk which hangs from the roof. Cairo and Stamboul share the honor of presenting to the *Kâbah* every year a new silk covering. This covering, or tapis, intrusted to a pavilion of velvet and gold, is placed upon a splendidly harnessed camel. This is the *Mahmal*. The entire caravan follows this trophy, preceded by the *Emir-el-Hadj*, the prince of the pilgrims. The *imans*, or priests, of all the mosques with their banners accompany the Emir. The officers of the viceroy, on horseback, throw pieces of gold among the crowd, and in the midst of the most clamorous music, accompanied by cavalry and artillery, the column of pilgrims staggers along, making for the desert of Suez, its first halting-place. This setting out of the caravan forms the subject of another of our illustrations. On the eastern shore of the Bosphorus the *Suré-Emini*, who has charge of the gifts of the sovereign, takes the head of the cortége. At Damascus the Pashaw joins the caravan with the *Emir-el-Hadj*, and the column moves on through the desert of Arabia Petræa, or to Mecca, being reinforced on the route by the caravans from Bagdad, Bassorah, etc.

The pilgrimage is not accomplished without peril. The unsubdued Arabs, regardless alike of law and religion, follow and harass the column. The wind of the desert lifts up scorching columns of sand. Disease, fatigue, hunger, and the death of the beasts of burden mark out for future caravans the route of those before them by a long line of corpses petrified by the heat, or robbed of their flesh by wild animals. The desert is made a place of bones.

At length the holy city is in view. Here the pilgrims lay aside the clothes they have worn thus far and array themselves in two pieces of white wool, not sewed together, without any dress for the head or the feet. On arriving at Mecca the pilgrim's first duty, whatever be the hour of his arrival, is to go at once to the *Kâbah*. In the east corner of the *Kâbah* is the *Black Stone*, which is an object of great adoration. This is about the height of a man, and is composed of small stones well cemented together. It is said that Adam had a vision in which he beheld all his posterity, in the midst of whom the Lord appeared and demanded whether he was their God—and they all answered, "*Aioua Bely!*" This confession was called an alliance, and God engraved the symbols thereof upon a black stone, which Adam carried away with him from Paradise, and which now reposes in the sacred *Kâbah* at Mecca.

After the visit to the temple the pilgrims commence their sacrifices. They purchase and slaughter a large number of animals. They broil and eat a portion of the flesh, distributing other portions among the inhabitants of the neighboring villages as food. The remnants are left exposed to the sun and infecting the whole neighborhood. After this ceremony the pilgrim is at liberty to participate in all sorts of pleasures afforded in Mecca. The air, vitiated by so great a crowd of people, engenders diseases; and it is not wonderful that such pests as the cholera spring from so fertile a source.

Most of the pilgrims go from Mecca to Medina to visit the tomb of the prophet. Medina is a city of upward of twenty thousand inhabitants—one-half the population of Mecca. Its only attraction is Mohammed's tomb.

THE CHOLERA EPIDEMIC which started last summer among the pilgrims of Mecca has traveled over a large tract of Europe. The following is its route from the outset:

"It commenced apparently on the Arabian coast, then traveled to Alexandria, thence to Constantinople, and thence again to various ports in the Mediterranean. From the Mediterranean it crept into the Black Sea, and afterward through the Straits of Gibraltar, and along the west coasts of Spain and Portugal. Yet it did not make the circuit of the Mediterranean, nor did it continuously ascend the Atlantic shores of the Peninsula. Its visits were capricious and irregular. To this day it has left not only Greece, but all the eastern coast of the Adriatic and the coasts of Barbary untouched. One coast of Italy was severely visited, while the other, up to the close of October, remained exempt. Sicily escaped, but Malta has suffered heavily. For a long time, too, it seemed as if the disease could not penetrate the interior of a country, but that exception has now disappeared. After escaping from the Mediterranean, the pestilence first appeared at Seville. Then it was at Southampton, afterward at Paris, and, later still, Madrid. From Odessa, where it established itself in the autumn, it advanced, and is still advancing, northward to the Polish provinces of the Russian Empire. It is plain, upon the whole, that the plague is no longer confined to the basin of the Mediterranean, but has been hovering over Central and Western Europe. The effects of the visitation have been as uncertain as its course. At some places they have been comparatively light; at others very severe. At Marseilles and Toulon the disease was obstinate as well as fatal, and was only dislodged after serious and prolonged mortality. In Madrid and Paris, on the other hand, though the virulence of the epidemic was considerable, its career was short, both capitals being now regarded as free. It is now upward of two months since the cholera showed itself at Southampton, England. Its appearance was unmistakable; its severity in one or two cases equally marked. The cases, too, though certainly not numerous, occurred so far in succession that the disease seemed established, and one or two attacks were reported from the banks of the Itchen. Yet this footing was not maintained, nor did the malady spread. In London there has not been even the symptom of an outbreak.

JOHN REDESDALE'S SERMON.

THE first beau I ever had was Ephraim Tucker. He was a tall young fellow, with eyes as blue as eyes could be, and yellow hair all of a kinky curl. Clever, too, for he was clerk to the apothecary of our town, and, some said, knew more than the doctor himself. Every one spoke well of him, every one liked him, and he, from the first day we met, liked me better than any other of the girls, though there were many richer and prettier than I in the place.

So we went about a good deal together, and where every one knew every body it soon began to be said that Ephraim Tucker was courting Clara Speer.

For the matter of that, I did not mind hearing it said. I was a poor girl and made dresses for a living, and had hard times often to please whimsical customers, or to make them pay for work I had toiled over all night, and, except a spinster aunt, who lived miles away and whom I saw hardly once in the year, had not a relative on earth, and it was a happy thought that I should be mistress of a heart and home, and, in time to come, perhaps, a mother; and, to tell the truth, my mind was rather set on being loved and cherished by some one than on that one being Ephraim Tucker.

It was not the way a woman should love her husband; but I did not know it then, for I was as ignorant of any stronger liking as a babe at its mother's bosom.

Perhaps it might have gone on so, and I might have married him, and never guessed there was more to hope or wish for, if I had kept to my work one bright summer day, when Ephraim came tapping at my door, dressed in his best, to coax me to leave it. "There's a camp-meeting in the woods," he said, "and I want you to go to it. Besides, it is too fine a day to stay in."

"But, Miss Prue Hollister's dress?" I said, looking at the lilac silk I was stitching.

"Plague take Miss Hollister!" said he. "She has fifty dresses, no doubt. Make her wait."

And he twitched it out of my hand and hung it on a peg.

"Go dress yourself," he said, and sat down to wait for me.

Well, the sun shone and the birds sung, and I longed for the free air, and I obeyed as we do obey orders we like. So in half an hour we were walking arm in arm toward the woods, chatting merrily. We never were sentimental.

There had been no romance in all our acquaintance. I never expected it, and he, I fancy, never thought of it. We were both Methodists, and this was, after all, something like a Sunday holiday-making; and when we came into the woods it was a very solemn thing to look across the bowed heads of the kneeling people in the wavering leaf shadow, and to hear the prayer going up to God from his own temple, better than any church built by man. We knelt down with the rest and sung with them, and went from group to group until the sun was sinking and the exercises were suspended to give a chance for rest and tea-drinking.

Then all grew merry, and those who came from a distance bestirred themselves and kindled fires and spread their meals on the grass, and in the gray twilight the flames of the burning wood—blue, gold, and crimson—and the dark figures of those about them, made a thousand pretty pictures.

We had looked at them long enough, and were going home, when a hand came down on my shoulder, and a loud voice cried:

"You here, Clara Speer? Wa'al, I declare. How are you, Mr. Tucker? Come right along to our camp and have tea with us; do now."

It was Deacon Bloom's wife; and whether we would or no we went back with her and found the deacon, all the children, and two young men waiting about a gipsy fire for the evening meal—the deacon, divided between his sense of duty and his hunger, in a way that manifested itself in his greeting.

"How are ye, Sister Speer and Brother Tucker? Sot down; charmin' meetin' we've had; refreshin' season (Ann Maria, the kettle's bilin'). Don't think I ever heerd nothin' more spiritual than Brother Bee's discourse; addressed itself tu the highest—(Ann Maria, them short-cakes will sartinly burn ef you don't turn 'em)—yes, amazin' appeal; 'twas the occasion o' the convartion o' seven souls. I say, wife, now the ham's done we'd better sot by, hadn't we? Brother Redesdale, say grace."

At that one of the young men arose, and I looked at him for the first time. Can I describe him? I could tell you that he was not tall, that he was dark, that he had black eyes, in each of which seemed to burn a flame, and mobile scarlet lips, and a cheek that flushed and paled by turns. And then you would know nothing of him. It was a face not to be described, but one that having been seen could never be forgotten.

Afterward, as we ate and talked, I could not help looking at him again when his eyes were turned away, and once I caught Ephraim staring at me, with his face hot and flushed, and his eyes glistening with anger. Not so angry though as they were a while after, when John Redesdale and I were talking together. They frightened me then, for their blue actually changed to green. He said nothing to me, however, whatever he felt, and we went home together as we came; but he was very silent and surly when he spoke, and staid away a whole week, to punish me, I suppose.

I felt hurt by it, and on Wednesday night I sat sewing with my little apprentice, Maggie, beside me, half inclined to cry, when some one rapped at the door, and I, fancying it was Ephraim, called "Come in!" and in walked John Redesdale.

He stood a moment, with his hat in his hand, and his own peculiar smile on his lips in a doubtful sort of attitude.

"Are camp-meeting introductions good for any thing?" he asked. "May I come in and sit down?"

And I answered,

"Certainly, Mr. Redesdale."

My heart never beat when Ephraim Tucker entered my door, but it did then. I never felt the blood rush to my cheeks when he spoke to me, but they flushed at the voice of John Redesdale. All in a moment the room seemed brighter and life happier, and I wondered why.

He made a short call and went away, and I had no wish to work any more. I sent Maggie to bed and sat down by the window in the moonlight.

The church clock struck the hours one after the other. After eleven the old watchman began to call them: still I sat there looking at the stars. And when, in the gray dawn, I crept up stairs I hid my face, as though by doing so I could hide my heart from my own soul.

Ephraim came to see me the next Sunday. We went to church together, and he, rid of his pet, was very pleasant and coaxing. I felt like one in a dream, but I suppose he thought me vexed, for he took no notice of my manner. When we parted he told me he was going to New York for a fortnight. There were drugs to be bought and other business to be attended to, and the Doctor, old and stout, loved his ease and had sent him. "I shall like the trip," he said. "I enjoy New York. If I am ever in business for myself (as I shall be, of course) I will live there. Do *you* like the city?"

Then he stopped and took my hand and looked into my eyes. I thought he was going to ask me to be his wife on the spot, but he said nothing. He was very prudent; I believe he was waiting to have a certain sum laid by before he committed himself.

The one feeling in my heart as I went into my little work-room, swept and tidied for the Sabbath, was joy that he had not spoken.

There are years that seem to have no event in them, and days so full of changes that they are like years.

That fortnight during which Ephraim was absent was a little life to me, for every evening brought John Redesdale with it. Sometimes we walked out together, sometimes we only sat a while and chatted. But every day he grew dearer to me, and Ephraim Tucker was only some one I longed to forget.

Whether I were wrong or right I could not judge then. There had been no actual engagement between Ephraim and myself, yet he, I knew, thought me bound to him, and my conscience stung me on that score. On the other side, I understood now that I did not love him, and that to marry one, caring for another as I did, would be wicked.

John Redesdale gave me little time to think even had I tried to do so. He wooed me with eyes and lips. The great love in his heart (or at least I thought so) would have won me had I been twice pledged to any other living man.

So before the fortnight came to an end we were walking one day in the woods where we had first met, like the lovers we were, and at a fallen log, near a little stream that ran laughing through the woods, he made me stop.

"Sit down, Clara," said he, "I want to speak to you."

And I, knowing well what he was going to say, sat down as he bade me.

Then, holding my hands in his, he told me of his hopes and prospects—only those of a poor Methodist minister when he had gained his end. A wandering life; for in that church there is no life-long dwelling in one pleasant parsonage, but change, at stated times, from one flock to another. And then he asked me if I were willing to share so poor a lot until death should part us. And I, out of my full heart, answered "Yes." And a great flood of happiness broke over my heart, and I thought earth heaven, and men angels.

That was on Saturday. On Sunday I dreamed of my new-found joy. On Monday Ephraim returned.

He came in in the evening. It had been a stormy day and was raining still, and he was wet from head to foot. The rain dripped from the brim of his hat and from his curling hair. He did not sit down, but stood with one hand on a chair-back, clutching the wood as though it were a thing he hated.

"I want to speak to you alone, Clara Speer," he said. And I sent Maggie away. When we were alone he said, in a voice not like his own,

"What is this I hear about you, Clara?" I made no answer.

"Look at me, Clara Speer," he said, after a pause. "Don't hide your head like a guilty thing. If they have lied, who say you have been taking lover's walks and giving lover's kisses to John Redesdale, I'll make them swallow their words. If they tell the truth, God keep me from committing murder!"

He was furious as a madman; but I found courage at last to speak.

"We have never exchanged a promise," I said. "We are not engaged. I am not bound to you, and you know it, Ephraim."

"I know," he said, in a sort of hiss, "that it was all the same. Every one in the town knows it. *You* know it, Clara Speer. You were bound to me in honor."

At first I shrunk and winced; then the truth came to me. I grew brave. I told him how I felt to him, something of how I felt to John; and then I asked him which, as a true woman, I should marry; and while I spoke I pitied him from my soul, but I knew better than ever that I had never loved him.

He listened to me until I had done. He said no word. The rage was in his face, but pain was plainer there. I heard a gasping sob, and then the words:

"I wish you had told me you had changed. It is hard to think you never loved me!"

And Ephraim Tucker went out into the stormy night, and the door closed behind him.

My tears fell faster than the drenching rain that night; yet, withal, I was trebly sure that I loved John and had never loved Ephraim.

I did not see him often after that; sometimes not for months; and we never spoke or seemed to notice each other. If people remarked it, it was no strange thing to see engagements broken off; and after a while I became quite happy.

Happier than ever when, at last, John Redesdale's studies were over, and he came to preach at the Methodist church in our town, for now we were to be married in a little while, and I should share his lot for life.

The church-members were few but respectable—all steady-going farmers and mechanics and their families save one. She was a Mrs. Edgar, a widow, and a prettyish woman for her age. She had money, and dressed and lived well; but there had always been ill-feeling between her and the rest of the town, for she had been, they said, an actress when a girl, and had what people called "bold ways;" and to be an actress was, in the eyes of our village, to be but one remove from the archfiend himself.

Her husband had, however, been a Methodist, and she had joined the church also, and sat, Sunday after Sunday, in her gay bonnets and silk dresses far up the middle aisle.

People said she was more constant in her attendance than ever after the white-haired old minister left and John Redesdale began to preach, and twenty disagreeable stories were told me by as many people.

I cared not one whit for them all. I knew, or thought I knew, the man I loved.

Once or twice, it is true, John went to her house to tea; but he went every where, and could not refuse her. And when he called on others, why should he not call on Mrs. Edgar? I was no jealous idiot to think hard of that.

So I laughed at the stories until one morning, coming by a short-cut across the Commons from Aunty Brown's trimmings store, I saw Ephraim Tucker coming to meet me. I thought he would pass as usual, but he paused instead and spoke to me:

"Clara Speer, if you are not in too much haste to hear a word of good advice, stop a while."

"I'm always ready for good advice," I answered, with a laugh, and stood still.

He took hold of my arm and put his lips close to my ear.

"Two years ago," he whispered, "you jilted me for that canting parson with the mulatto skin. You had your choice, but it's not too late to find out what he is yet. Watch him next time he visits Mrs. Edgar."

I laughed in his face.

"I have heard those ridiculous stories before," I said. "I trust John as I hope he trusts me."

"*You* are a woman to be trusted!" he sneered. "No matter. I don't ask you to believe me; trust your own senses. Your sanctified bit of perfection is to take tea with Mrs. Edgar on Tuesday. There's an arbor in her garden, and behind the arbor a hedge. If you choose to wait and listen there after dark you may know whether the stories you hear are true or false."

And he dropped my arm and stalked away, leaving me faint with terror.

I did little work that day. The next, Tuesday, I sat with my hands folded, and asked myself the question, over and over again—"Shall I watch him or not?"

At last I said: "I will go, to prove his truth—not because I doubt him."

When night came—a dark night, without a moon—I put on hood and shawl, and crept out like a guilty thing. The way was clear to Mrs. Edgar's house, and I met no one; but when I got there I saw the windows all alight, and shrunk into the shadow. I was ashamed of watching my own true-love at Ephraim Tucker's instance. But, for all that, I went around the garden fence until I found the hedge and the summer-house, and there I stood and listened, as a prisoner might listen for his sentence, for there were two people in the arbor—a man and a woman.

They were talking in whispers—cooing, tender whispers—and at last one spoke out:

"No, John; I don't believe half you say."

It was Mrs. Edgar's voice; but there were more Johns than one in the world.

The man's voice muttered something, and then the woman's cried, coquettishly: "*I* young and pretty! Oh, how you flatter!" And there was the sound of a slap—one of those little slaps some women are always bestowing on their masculine friends.

More whispering—words I could not hear, listen as I would, came near, and I had said again and again, "That is no one I know," when out came the words:

"You sha'n't kiss me! No, indeed you sha'n't, Mr. Redesdale! Keep your kisses for Miss Speer! You know it's all nonsense to pretend you like me best. I'll scream if you do—" And then I heard a romp and a kiss.

An hour after I found myself lying in the dust of the road, where I must have fallen when I fainted, and took my breaking heart home again. On the way I vowed that my lips should never speak another word to John Redesdale.

I found little Maggie sleeping like a baby in her attic, and the house all quiet, and lit a lamp in the work-room. The place looked ghostly to me; nothing seemed real. I found a carpet-bag, and packed in it some of my wardrobe. Of other things I made a bundle. I dressed myself for a journey, and put my little hoard, saved for my wedding-day, in my bosom. Then I sat down and wrote two notes: one to Maggie, inclosing her wages and giving her the clothes I left behind—the other to my landlady, with her rent; and before the night was gone, or the people of the house awake, had left it far behind me, and was at the —— station, awaiting the early train for New York.

There, when the excitement was over, and I leaned back wearily in my seat amidst the crowd of strange fellow-passengers, I first began to realize the awful truth, and to feel that life was worthless henceforth to me. There are women who would have taken their lives into their own hands, feeling as I felt. I knew I must strive to live while God so willed it; but that striving seemed so hard now, the shortest life so long! I felt ten years older than I had felt the day before; I think I looked it also.

How I lived, where I went, would not interest you. My home was humble, my days were cheerless, but I was too good a workwoman to suffer. I never saw one of my old acquaintance. I never heard the name of the town save, perhaps, when I read it in the columns of some newspaper.

I knew no one. No one knew me. The people I worked for called me an odd, silent creature; soon the young women considered me an old maid. Even on the Sabbath I staid at home, for the treachery of the man I had thought the best in the world had made me believe all seemingly good people hypocrites.

Lonely, lonely, lonely, so lonely that I thought I should die of pure loneliness for five long weary years.

At last I awoke one Sabbath morning to hear the bells ringing for church, and out of the past came the memory of other Sabbath days. I longed, for the first time, to join the worshipers, and bend my knee in prayer among them. So I arose and dressed myself, waiting for no breakfast, and went out into the frosty streets. The clocks were on the stroke of ten, and there was no time to lose, so I chose the nearest church and went in. The crowd was thick already, but as I passed up the aisle a woman whispered, "Room here, sister," and moved her dress to make way for me.

Then a voice said, "Let us pray," and my face was covered. When I lifted it the preacher stood in the pulpit ready to read the first hymn.

I was not mad—I was not dreaming, as I thought at first; I was awake and in my senses, yet the face I looked on was the face of John Redesdale, the eyes that met mine his. I knew him in an instant, and he knew me. I saw it in his look—a look that came and passed so quickly that I hardly knew that I had seen it ere it was gone; and I would have left the church had it been possible. But even the aisles were full. I felt I must wait until the crowd dispersed and hide myself in that. But could I bear him preach and live? I did.

He stood up, with the Bible under his hand, and looked over the church first, then at me, and as his eyes paused there he took his text—

"*Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.*"

The sermon opened with remarks upon the vice of slander. By degrees it grew familiar and touched on daily events, in which the truth was forgotten and false accusations flung upon a neighbor or a servant. And then in such a way that it seemed to every hearer natural and to the purpose, he began a story—a true one, he said.

He drew the picture of two lovers, friends so dear that their lives were interwoven. He painted a scene of homely happiness, with hopes of future bliss; a girl who trusted, and a youth who thought nothing on earth so precious as his promised wife. And I, with my heart beating so furiously that I could hear it, knew that it was of our own happy time he was speaking. And into this earthly paradise a serpent—Slander—crept, unseen, unheard, until one day the lover found his betrothed wife gone, without a sign, without a word or message, and, search as he might, could hear no tidings of her.

I saw faces full of interest turned toward the preacher. I knew that to others this seemed only an incident, related to force the sermon home to the hearts of those who heard it; and I knew also that, looking across that dense mass of worshipers, the fire in his black eyes burning into mine, John Redesdale was speaking only to me.

Himself the man he pictured growing old from sorrow in his youth, striving to do his duty, but doing it without joy. Himself the slandered man, for whose sake tears dropped down the wrinkled cheeks of the old Methodist women and filled the eyes of the grand-daughters by their sides. I heard how he had grieved in silence, knowing wrong had been done him, but not by whom or how, until a dying woman sent for him; a woman who had been an actress, whose beauty had turned to ghastliness, whose pleasures were vanity and vexation of spirit, but who, on her death-bed, wore rouge upon her wan cheeks. And as he went on I knew he spoke of Mrs. Edgar, and knew for the first time that that which I had listened to—I, who dared to doubt him—was a preconcerted scene acted in frolic, by the woman in malice, by Ephraim Tucker to deceive me. Plainer and plainer it grew. I knew how mad I had been. I understood what I had done. And as that strangest sermon ended I bowed down my head and wept remorsefully, yet joyfully.

When I lifted it the worshipers had dispersed and John Redesdale stood beside me. Without a word he gave me his arm, and we went out into the street together. Quietly—for it was noonday and eyes were upon us—until we left the crowded thoroughfare and were in a narrow, unfrequented street. Then he paused, and, with his hand on mine, gave a gasping sob.

"I would have believed you—I would have believed you," he said. "Oh, Clara, how I have suffered!"

"And I also," I whispered.

"But you believe me now?"

I could only ask forgiveness with my eyes. And we walked on again through the still street, arm in arm.

And in that Sabbath morn life's Sabbath of peace and rest dawned for us, and in its sunlight we have dwelt ever since together.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A Boston paper publishes a set of rules for street-car conductors, issued, we suppose, by order of the proprietors of city railroads in that *orderly* metropolis. The conductors of our city cars, long ago, we infer, received similar instructions which they have followed faithfully. Yet, knowing it is always well to make the law so plain that "he that runneth"—or rideth—"may read," we quote an extract, *pro bono publico:*

"Gather, pack, and cram,
Squeeze, push, and ram!
Never too full a car was yet;
Let the passengers simmer and sweat,
Let the ladies complain and fret,
'Tis only a pleasant jam!

"Stuff, stuff, stuff!
Of riders there's never enough;
If you only have fifty-four,
Another crush and there's room for more,
Let them hang to the straps and around the door;
People are pretty tough!

"Push, shove, and stow,
Squeeze them to jelly or dough!
Then rush in and gather the fare,
Never mind if dresses *do* tear,
Stop your ears if some grumblers swear,
It's wicked in *them*, you know."

That's enough to prove our *position* in a city car to be a *lawful* one! The question whether it is a *comfortable* one is no concern of the powers that be. We must confess that it makes one feel terribly aristocratic to ride down town of a morning, squeezed almost to the "jelly" spoken of above, with a pleasant alternation of one treading on your toes, and another punching you with his elbow, with an infinitesimal quantity of oxygen to breathe, and nothing to look at but the back of your neighbor's coat, which is in immediate proximity to your nose; you naturally long for another set of cars to be established where, by paying whatever it is worth, you could *own*, temporarily, a comfortable seat; where the number of seats would be limited, where no one would be taken in after the seats were full; where you could read your newspaper, if you wanted to, or look out of the window, if you chose; or move your arm; or stretch your limbs; or— But, in the midst of your castle-building, you have reached your place of destination, as well as you can judge, for you can't *see*, and by dint of squeezing, and pushing (it is absolutely *necessary*, polite reader), and sideling along, you at length escape from the car, thankful for the deliverance!

It is reported that a certain couple in Springfield, not long ago, had a "paper wedding," after the fashion of the wooden, tin, crystal, and silver ones now so common, and the gold and diamond ones, so uncommon. We have not the slightest idea what length of time must elapse after the original marriage ceremony before a couple may be authorized to celebrate a "*paper* wedding"—it may be one year, and then again, it may be twenty-one. But the fashion of having "weddings" seems to be going beyond the bounds of delicate propriety. How a refined lady and gentleman can send out invitations to their friends to the effect that "next Thursday we celebrate our crystal wedding; will you come, and bring us a present?" is more than we can comprehend. If children desire to celebrate the twenty-fifth, or fiftieth anniversary of their parents' marriage-day by appropriate gifts of love, it is all very pleasant. But this inviting all the friends and neighbors to a gift-wedding every two or three years is nonsense.

In these days, when if a man is fortunate enough to find a comfortable house in New York for his family, he has to pay a small fortune for its rent, one almost wishes he had lived in those old times when Peter Minuits bought the whole of Manhattan Island for *twenty-four dollars!*

On Election day, last week, two "strong-minded" fair ones promenaded through Eighth Street dressed in the "American costume." (If any lady queries what the "American costume" may be, by putting on a pair of full trowsers, and her husband's—brother's will answer the purpose—hat and water-proof over-coat, she will present a *fac-simile* of the same, as it appears on the outside.) In their walk they passed a couple of youthful politicians who were bestirring themselves in the Mayor's behalf.

"Jim," said one of them, stopping suddenly, "were those men or women?"

"Don't know," replied Jim; "ask 'em if they'll vote."

We did not learn whether they accepted the invitation or not.

Not many ladies, we fancy, care to vote; but there are a good many—ladies in feeling and in education—from the North and from the South—who want to earn their bread and butter in some more lucrative or more intellectual employment than the "endless stitching." The employment of women in the various Departments at Washington, as clerks and copyists, has of late attracted considerable attention, and many men of otherwise liberal views are in favor of their exclusion from all the Departments. A recent communication in one of our daily papers states, that one of the chief difficulties in Washington is, that the Southern idea that labor is degrading is added to the other opinion that woman's sphere is at home. The writer states that the idea of treating them as copyists and clerks, simply this and nothing more, and employing them on the ground of their real merits, as men are, or should be, is beyond the mental calibre of almost any man with whom they are brought into personal relations. The writer goes on to draw a whimsical picture, apparently from real life, of one dainty lady-clerk who carries her knitting work in her pocket, and goes nimbly at work in the first spare moment, and then looks sorely injured when a paper is brought her to copy, and the worsted must be laid aside—of another who goes on counting her crochet-work while directions are being given her, and consequently does her work wrongly—of a third who keeps up an incessant stream of small-talk—and of a fourth who coquettes with every gentleman who comes to her desk. The fewer there are of this kind of clerks the better. But there *are* those who do their work with a rapidity and correctness not surpassed. Men as well as women often apply for situations and employments which they are unfitted for. Both should be dealt with according to their individual ability, being, without prejudice, fairly tested, fairly treated, and fairly paid.

A story is published in some Paris paper, giving a strange, but in one case at least, an effectual remedy for cholera, and indicating the great influence of the nerves in this disease:

In the year 1832 Professor Recamier was summoned to a bedside, where he found a dying man, the features rigid, cramps all over the body, the voice changed—in fact, all the most fatal symptoms strongly characterized. After an attentive diagnosis, the sagacious doctor snatched off the bed-clothes, and commenced flogging the patient with all the strength he possessed. The spectators, for an instant electrified, were naturally enraged. The dying man, by one expiring effort, started from his bed, threw himself on the doctor, who ran off hotly pursued along passages and corridors by the cholera patient, till both reached the top of the stairs, when the breathless professor stopped, and, looking at the ghastly pursuer, coolly asked,

"And how do you feel?"

"Feel!" said the astonished patient. "Feel, indeed! Why" (after a pause), "I have no more cramps!"

"I believe you; but, after this fine race, you require rest."

Some cups of *tisane*, and the pseudo-moribund was saved.

The streets of Bombay, India, have recently been lighted with gas. The operations of the lamplighters create an excitement among the natives every evening. The scene is thus described:

"Long before the lamps are lighted on an evening numbers of natives may be seen grouping round every lamp-post, and when the lamplighter approaches (followed by a ragamuffin crowd) the greatest excitement prevails, the strongest pushing the weakest in their endeavors to secure the best possible place. After a little preliminary chaffing the lighter ascends the ladder, and when the illumination is complete the mob heave a sigh of relief and quickly sit down at the foot of the post, and with upturned faces gaze into the lamp for hours, while every now and then they clasp the post with their hands to feel if it gets hot. The mystery why the post does not get hot they can not solve, and they argue for hours together upon the ins and outs of the question, until finally, tired out, they return to their homes to dream of the wonders produced by 'Sahib.'"

"Fine feathers make fine birds," so says the proverb. As applied to men and women this is not true, if we use "fine" in its highest sense. Yet, though we learn upon acquaintance to estimate good qualities of head and heart, the dress and general appearance give us the first impression. We receive a stranger according to his costume, even if we dismiss him according to his merits. When Oliver Goldsmith solicited—in a scarlet waistcoat!—ordination from his diocesan, he was refused, not because his ability was inferior to that of other candidates, but because his attire was unseemly. The fine-feathered bird has no choice in its plumage. Its fashions know no change, and are as old as Eden. But with the human biped it is different. The plainest dress, neatly arranged, shows method and order; rich materials, selected with judgment, and worn with taste, show good sense and propriety; a regard for fashion, not overstrained to be the first in the new or the last in the old, tells of a practical and well-ordered mind. Eccentric people have affected to despise dress, but it was an unamiable eccentricity. Jeremy Bentham went about so shabby that he was often mistaken for a mendicant, and, on one occasion, in bitter humor, accepted alms. Johnson was a sloven; Lady Morgan complained of Bryon's night-cap and flannel jacket; but, as a rule, most great men have entertained a regard for appearance. Johnson owned that when he was full-dressed he could not treat people with the same rude familiarity as on other occasions; Byron in his youth was a great dandy, with a passion for a blue coat and brass buttons; Goethe could never write till he was splendidly attired and had his diamond ring on; Oliver Goldsmith was proud of his tailor; and Petrarch, in a letter to his brother, says, "Recollect the time when we wore white robes, on which the least spot or a plait ill-graced would have been a subject of grief." It was only Beau Brummell, who, when the Duke of Bedford was discoursing on his own coat, could disparagingly touch that garment and seriously ask, "Bedford, do you really call this *thing* a coat?" There are few of us so hypercritical. At the same time there are many ladies who are quite willing to admit that they *do* admire a man for the cut of his coat!

But leaving remarks on dress in general, we will give one or two items of interest to our lady readers in regard to fashion:

"Now that the cold weather has commenced to make itself felt in earnest the fair Parisians are turning their attention to furs. The furriers are in high spirits, for fur of all descriptions is to be exceedingly fashionable this winter, and wide bands of fur are to be the favorite additions to handsome dresses and mantles. One of the most popular uses to which furs are to be applied will be as linings to large Talmas, made of either thick-ribbed silk or velvet, and the edge of the Talma is to be turned up all round with a narrow border of the fur. The gray fox, the ordinary fox, squirrel, and Astracan are generally used for the purpose.

"Very narrow as well as broad bands of fur will be worn as dress-trimmings, and they will be found very effective on velvet, satin, and rich silks, which are the only materials appropriate to such costly additions. The narrow bands are arranged round the skirt in sets of three or five rows, and occasionally the bands run lengthways, one row being placed up every breadth of the skirt. When there is a *basque* to the bodice it likewise is edged round with fur, bands being added down the front and round the top and bottom of the sleeve."

Have not American women the good sense to strike a happy medium in dress? Of late years extravagance has been carried to a frightful extent in Paris. It is confidently affirmed that $4000 have been paid for dresses worn by fair actresses in a piece now in representation—the said dresses being precisely similar to those which wealthy ladies wear in private society. What think you of $1000 for a dress? Add to it diamonds and jewelry and laces, and a woman becomes literally a perambulating treasure.

A sensible English mother, writing to a London paper in regard to children's dress, makes the following statements respecting her method of clothing her little ones. Many American mothers might take a hint therefrom:

"My little girl wears flannel frocks made high to her neck, with a full body back and front, bishop sleeves, and a sash of the same as the frock, with long ends. You may trim the little frock as you like. I usually put white and black washing braid on, as then it has not to be taken off each time the frock is washed. A scarlet or violet flannel made in this way is very pretty, finished off with a narrow white frill round the neck. My little boy of three is dressed exactly the same. I think English mothers are so foolish to keep their poor little children in short sleeves and low-necked frocks all the winter. Children feel the cold as much as we do, and you can see by their blue, congested arms and cheeks how unhealthy it is. I have lived a great deal abroad, and there you always see quite little, tiny things with high-necked frocks in the winter. It saves countless colds and coughs, besides looking so much nicer, in my opinion."

A European paper relates an incident to show the oppression to which the Poles are still subject from the Russian authorities. A respectable family at Warsaw was recently celebrating the marriage of one of its members. On returning from the church a police agent came uninvited and seated himself at the table among the guests. After having taken his fill of the choicest dishes and the best wines, he left and sent one of his comrades to occupy his place. Others succeeded until a fifth, at the end of the repast, ordered a young lady to take her seat at the piano, and then offered himself to dance with the bride. The company had now lost all patience, and indignantly requested the man to retire, but the police agent, who was half intoxicated, declared all the guests under arrest. The master of the house then showed him a permission for the meeting signed by the authorities, but the man, without making any reply, went and fetched a number of his colleagues, and marched the whole company off to prison. The police then returned to the house, consumed the refreshments prepared for the evening, and indulged in an orgie in the proprietor's wine-cellar. The next morning the imprisoned party were brought before the commissary of police, who simply dismissed them, advising them to return quietly home and not complain to the superior authorities if they did not wish to draw down upon themselves further unpleasantness.

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

We present, at page 813, a sketch, by Mr. J. R. Hamilton, of the Freedmen's Bureau at Richmond, as seen from the intersection of Broad and Tenth streets, looking south toward the Capitol Grounds; and showing in the distance the rear of Crawford's celebrated statue of Washington and the steeple of the famed St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

This new court for the regulation of matters connected with the freedmen was established on the 28th October last. Lieutenant H. S. Merrill is its President, on the part of the Government, Judge George Fitzhugh on behalf of the white people, and Judge P. P. A. Bibb for the colored ones. These gentlemen meet in council every day, and to their decision are referred all difficulties between whites and blacks, or among the colored people themselves, respecting labor, contracts, etc., and all questions except criminal ones or those connected with the decision of titles—this being no Court of Record. In all else their decisions are unlimited and final, as much so at least as were those of the Court of Conciliation, subject only to the commander of this Department, General Terry. Their decisions average some five or six a day, and, up to the 24th November, they had disposed of over 250 cases. Some of these cases are most singular and amusing; the Freedmen being in the habit of running to the Bureau for protection upon any and every occasion, from the most serious to the most ludicrously insignificant.

One day has been, hitherto, set apart for the distribution of rations to the needy colored people, of whom one-fourth were generally children and the remainder aged and sick; Lieutenant Merrill protesting that under no circumstances [excepting in such cases of sickness at home where it was impossible for the only parent to work] would relief be given to able-bodied men or women. On the 20th November, however, an order was issued by Colonel O. Brown, Assistant Commissioner of the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Lands, notifying the Overseers of the Poor of Richmond that at that date the Federal Government had in hand 260 freedmen (paupers) whom they were supporting, and whom the overseers were expected to provide for. It is therefore probable that before this is in print these paupers will have been turned over for support to the local authorities of Richmond.

The portion of the central framed building in the picture devoted to the Freedmen's Court and the Distribution Office is at the further end, fronting the Capitol Square. In other parts of the building are located the Relief Commission, under Captain E. M. Meismer; the office of J. J. Delamater, Surgeon-in-Chief; the Commissary of Musters of the Department of Virginia, under Brevet-Major Frederick Martin, and the office of Colonel Albert Ordway, Provost-Marshal-General of the Department of Virginia. This building was erected by the Confederate Government, and was used as General Winder's head-quarters.

AMELIA SULPHUR SPRINGS.

Among the many valuable mineral springs for which the State of Virginia is so justly renowned, there is, perhaps, but one that can at all compete in medicinal virtues with the celebrated "Amelia Sulphur Springs," of which we present an illustration on page 813, and that is the "White Sulphur Spring" in Green Briar County. By a careful scientific analysis these two springs are found to be identical in their component parts, the only difference being that the White Sulphur is, if any thing, a little the stronger of the two.

This magnificent property is situated 43 miles from Richmond, along the Danville Railroad, and about 2½ miles from the nearest dépôt—the Jettersville Junction—making altogether a short and very pleasant ride from Richmond. It contains 1320 acres in all, and is bounded on each side by Flat Creek and Little Creek, two unfailing streams, that run the entire length of the land and unite at one extremity of it. Of this large tract 550 acres are flat or low land of the very finest quality, equal to any in the State. The balance of it is high, undulating land, far above the average quality, and with abundance of timber for all ordinary purposes. This estate has never been explored with especial reference to its mineral resources; but isinglass and plumbago are found about it in such quantities as to warrant the belief that this is as rich as any other spot in the County of Amelia, so famous for these and other valuable minerals.

In former days "Amelia Springs" were quite renowned among the fashionable world and pleasure-seekers of the Old Dominion. As many as from 500 to 1000 people have been known to be collected here in one season to enjoy the benefit of the waters and the delicious coolness of its shady groves. But now, alas! all those brilliant throngs have passed away; the banquet-hall is deserted; the gay ball-room that so often resounded with merry laughter, music, and dancing, is now a dilapidated wilderness of defaced walls and crumbling ceiling—the abode of bats. But although the majority of

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE FENIAN BROTHERHOOD, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

'THE INDIAN HUNTER," BY J. Q. A. WARD OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

the old buildings are destroyed there are still accommodations enough for some 250 people, in good, substantial brick houses that cost from $40,000 to $50,000.

Strange to say, it was not the war that reduced this lovely and valuable spot to its present condition, but that strange apathy which seems to have pervaded every thing—the same that permitted people to sleep for three quarters of a century over gold and copper mines of countless treasure, which others are only now commencing to explore in earnest for them.

A visit to the beautiful Spring itself really creates a feeling of melancholy. Nothing can exceed the loveliness of the spot in which it is located—in a deep grove of majestic oak-trees, whose gnarled and giant limbs look as if they had braved the storms of centuries. In the centre of a very low, dilapidated stone inclosure, only some two feet high, is the world-renowned spring, at which old age and youthful beauty have so often refreshed their lips. The pump is broken and rusty, the surface of the liquid treasure is covered over with a metallic coating of brilliant colors; but sweep that away gently with the hand, and there, underneath, is the crystal fountain bubbling up everlastingly.

This property is at present owned by Mr. SAMUEL S. COTTRELL, of Richmond, but is leased to the Rev. Mr. CRENSHAW, who has just established there a young ladies' seminary. A more charming spot could not have been selected for the purpose; but it is to be hoped that such a valuable medicinal spring will again be devoted to the useful purposes for which it was intended by Nature. Considering the contiguity of the Amelia Sulphur Springs to Richmond it is hard to conceive of any thing that could more speedily repay the investment of capital than the *immediate* converting it again into one of the grand watering-places of the South. The suggestion assumes more importance in view of the fact that most of our physicians seem to have deliberately made up their minds that next summer is to be one of fearful epidemics, when every one will be flying for safety from our crowded cities to the healthful air of the country.

WARD'S STATUE.

MR. J. Q. A. WARD's Statue of the Indian Hunter at SNEDECOR's Gallery is a work deserving the most careful attention, and which will compel admiration. It is a rather colossal figure of an Indian holding his bow, and stealing, stooping, along, with a hunting dog at his side. The figure is draped around the middle with a skin. The expression of the whole work is thoroughly characteristic. It has the sinister aspect which we associate with the Indian, and the swift, crouching action. The work is in plaster, but its merit is so conspicuous that its appropriateness for a position in the Central Park ought to secure its perpetuation in marble.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT, ON SEVENTEENTH STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SKETCHED BY ANDREW M'CALLUM.]

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—Sketched by J. R. Hamilton.—[See Page 811.]

THE AMELIA SULPHUR SPRINGS, AMELIA COUNTY, VIRGINIA.—Sketched by J. R. Hamilton.—[See Page 811.]

Dr. H. Carlos, a celebrated linguist and "Professor of Literature," has recently arrived in this country, to take up his permanent residence among us, for the purpose of teaching the French language by an entirely new and improved method. The gentleman is well fitted for the profession he has chosen. Being a native of France, having passed his youth in Germany, and resided in England for many years, he is fully acquainted with these languages; and, beside these advantages, he is a highly educated and scholarly man. He comes to us with titles from Paris, and the best of credentials, as a teacher, from London. By his method of teaching Dr. Carlos ignores the old-fashioned and tedious grammatical routine—his pupils, from the first lesson, entering upon an easy, idiomatical, conversational course, and learning to speak the French language in the short space of three months. Strange as this may appear, the Professor has proof that he can accomplish it, and will give even better evidence of the value of his mode; for *he agrees* that the pupil shall be able to *converse* freely in the French language after giving twelve weeks' attention and study to it. Our lady readers have now an easy opportunity of shining in the fashionable and "diplomatic language." Many would attempt it; but it is generally a very tedious and wearisome undertaking, and consumes a great deal of time. There would be no harm in giving Dr. Carlos a chance to substantiate the high advantages he claims for his wonderful method of imparting instruction, and we should be pleased to record the result in our columns. The Professor may be addressed at No. 229 East Fifty-second Street.—*Home Journal.*

Do not Waste your Money buying any of the numerous worthless articles called Gold Pens, which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the Best in the World.

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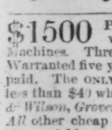

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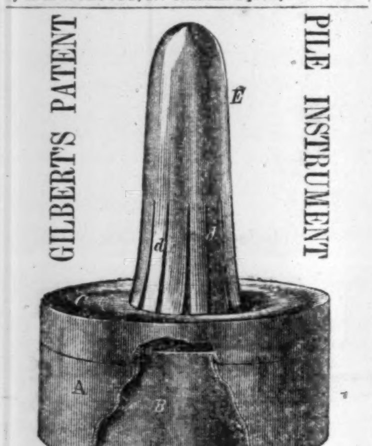

Letter **A** shows the base of the instrument, made hollow for the purpose of holding cold water or snow.

Letter **B** shows a Box containing the "Lubricating Balm," carried in the base of the instrument for the sake of convenience (a piece is broken out of the base to show this box).

Letter **C** represents a concave surface so arranged as to expel the blood from the external tumors (if there are any) up through the grooves at **D D**.

Letter **E** represents the tube to which is applied the Lubricating Balm before being used. This tube is made hollow for the purpose of containing cold water or snow in the treatment of bleeding piles and prolapsus.

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TESTIMONIALS.

De Camp Hospital, N. Y. H., David's Island, *September* 18, 1865.

Dr. Gilbert—Dear Sir,—In answer to your letter inquiring as to the success your Pile Instrument met with in this hospital, I would say that I received one for trial through the politeness of Mr. J. H. Orr. I had at the time only two cases in my wards, and both of them were of long standing; both patients were obliged to keep their beds most of the time, and had been sent from their regiments to the hospital as unfit for duty on account of the above difficulty. In both cases the instrument proved a success, giving immediate relief; and after using it from two to three weeks, they left the hospital cured. I then requested Assistant-Surgeons Bronson and Van Voast to use it in cases in their pavilions, and report the result. They gave it a trial, and both reported favorable results from its use. I can cheerfully recommend its use from the results of the cases tested that came under my observation.

Yours truly, Lewis Graves, A. A. Surgeon, United States Army.

171 Water St., Greenpoint, N. Y., *August* 29, 1865.

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument and Lubricating Balm for external and itching Piles of long standing, and am perfectly cured. I also recommended the instrument to a friend at Islip, L. I., and he said he never had any thing do him as much good in his life; and he has suffered for years. If any body wants to know more about it refer them to me at my office on Newtown Creek, near the bridge, Greenpoint.

Abraham Myers.

Oleophene Oil Works, Greenpoint, N. Y., *Sept.* 19, 1865.

Dr. Gilbert—Dear Sir,—With great pleasure I hereby acknowledge that the use of your instrument for curing piles relieved me entirely from pain and the piles with which I was troubled for some time, after having used it for about three or four times, and therefore can recommend to all suffering with this evil as a good cure.

Yours respectfully, J. Leoboldti, Bookkeeper at Oleophene Oil Co.

New York, *Sept.* 10, 1865.

Dr. J. P. Gilbert—Dear Sir,—In answer to your question as to the results of your Pile Instrument, which you furnished me last spring for a member of my family, I would simply state that it was used as you directed, and proved a decided success. It has entirely cured my folks after they had given up all hope. They had been troubled over eight years, and are now entirely well. All thanks to your valuable remedy. If the above is of any use to you it can be used at your discretion. Believe me, as ever, yours, Wm. E. Chapin, Firm of Chapin, Bromell & Co., 8 Spruce St., N. Y.

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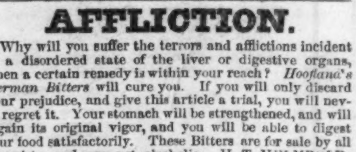

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5000	" Goblets and Drinking Cups	5	" 50
3000	" Castors	15	" 50
2000	" Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets	20	" 50
5000	Dozen Silver Tea Spoons, per dozen	10	" 20
10,000	" " Table Spoons and forks, per dozen	20	" 40
250	Gents' Gold Hunting-Case Watches	50	" 150
250	Ladies' Gold and Enameled Hunting-Case Watches	35	" 70
500	Gents' Hunting-Case Silver Watches	35	" 70
200	Diamond Rings	50	" 100
5,000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains	4	" 30
3,000	Gold Oval Band Bracelets	4	" 8
5,000	Jet and Gold Bracelets	6	" 10
2,000	Chatelaine Chains and Guard Chains	5	" 20
7,000	Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4	" 10
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4,000	California Diamond Breast-Pins	2 50	" 10
3,000	Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 50	" 8
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3,000	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc.	4	" 6
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3,000	Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc.	2	" 8
5,000	Plain Gold Rings	4	" 10
5,000	Chased Gold Rings	4	" 11
10,000	Stone Set and Signet Rings	2 50	" 10
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The *British Whig of Kingston, C. W.*, say, Nov. 26, 1964, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some twenty articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

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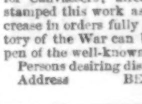

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